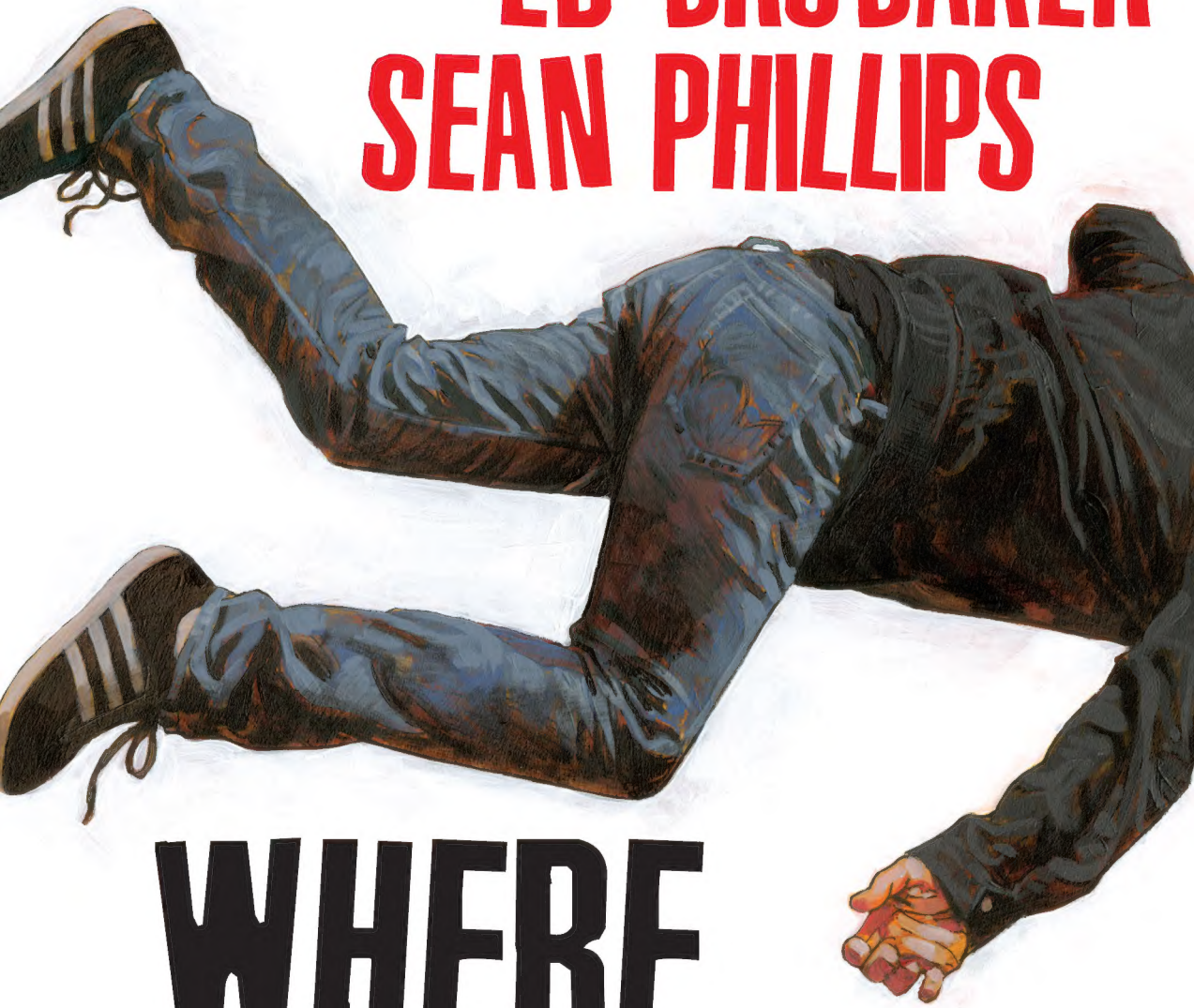


**ED BRUBAKER
SEAN PHILLIPS**



**WHERE
THE BODY
WAS™**

"A masterfully-told
puzzlebox mystery with a
fiercely beating human
heart."

• Jordan Harper

**WHERE
THE BODY
WAS**

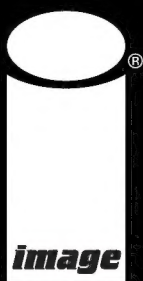


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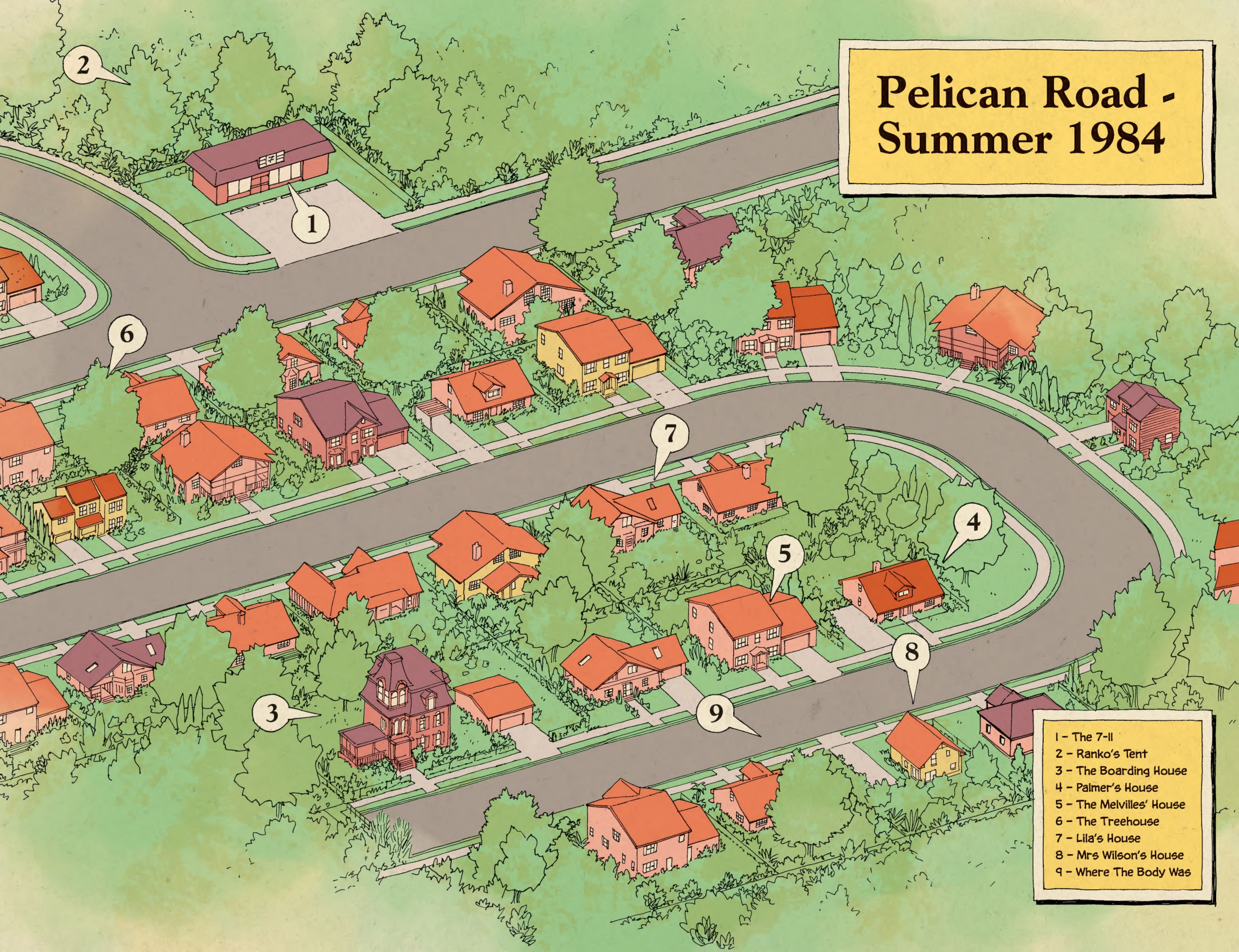
ED BRUBAKER
SEAN PHILLIPS

colors by Jacob Phillips

WHERE
THE BODY
WAS



Pelican Road - Summer 1984



- 1 - The 7-11
- 2 - Ranko's Tent
- 3 - The Boarding House
- 4 - Palmer's House
- 5 - The Melvilles' House
- 6 - The Treehouse
- 7 - Lila's House
- 8 - Mrs Wilson's House
- 9 - Where The Body Was

Cast of Characters



TOMMY BRANDT
Juvenile Delinquent



KARINA LANE
Teenage Runaway



PALMER SNEED
Man with a Badge



DR TED MELVILLE
Hardworking Psychiatrist



TONI MELVILLE
Neglected Wife



JACK FOSTER
Private Investigator



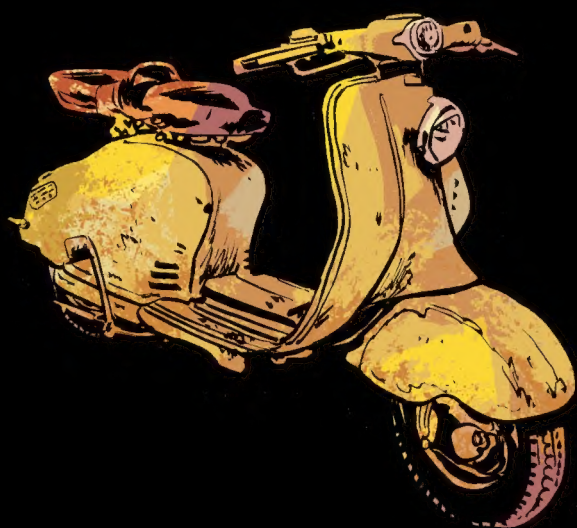
LILA NGUYEN
AKA The Roller Derby Kid



RANKO
Homeless Veteran



MRS WILSON
Neighborhood Watch



For
Melanie

It All Started at the Boarding House

June 27,
1984



The house had been built in the late 30s,
one of the first houses on Pelican Road,
right where it dead-ended above the hillside.



The original owners were
Henry and Louise Robbins,
newlyweds.



But Henry died just five years
after they moved in, storming
the beach at Normandy...



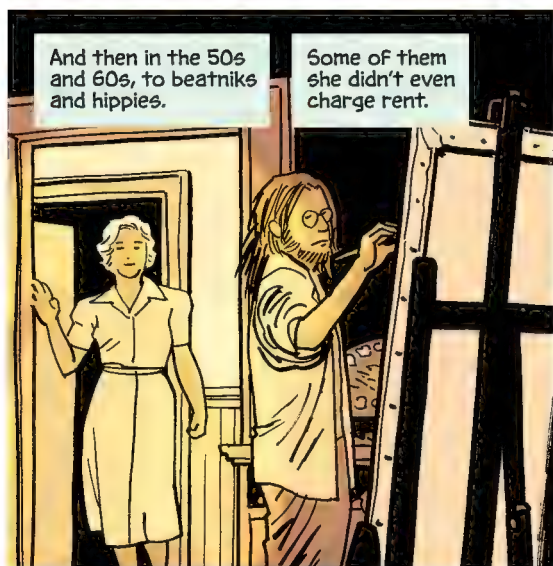
And after several years of mourning, Louise turned her big empty home into a boarding house...

Renting its extra bedrooms out to college students at first...

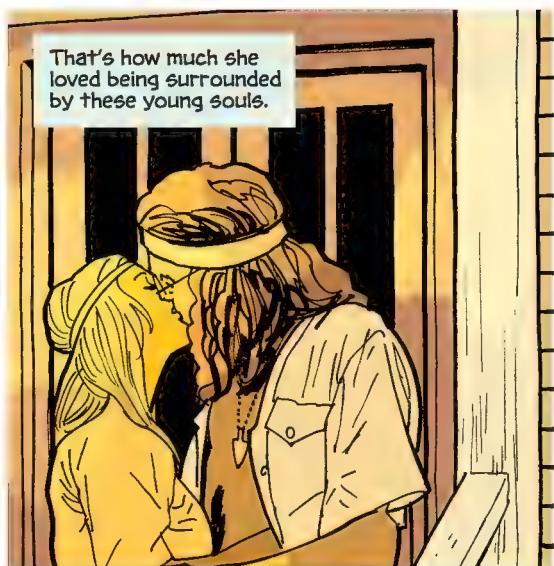


And then in the 50s and 60s, to beatniks and hippies.

Some of them she didn't even charge rent.



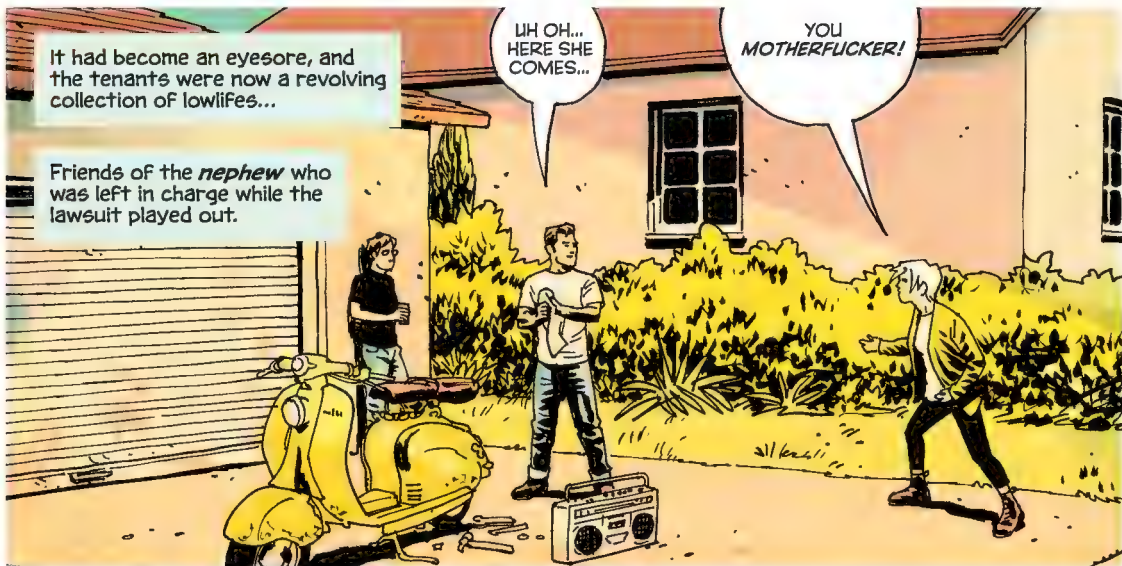
That's how much she loved being surrounded by these young souls.



But Auntie Lou, as she was known to her tenants and neighbors, passed away in 1982.

And by the summer of '84 the house was in a protracted legal battle between three of her heirs.





It had become an eyesore, and the tenants were now a revolving collection of lowlifes...

Friends of the *nephew* who was left in charge while the lawsuit played out.

UH OH...
HERE SHE
COMES...

YOU
MOTHERFUCKER!



Mrs Wilson,
Longtime
Neighbor

LOUD MUSIC
BLASTING
AT ALL
HOURS...

KIDS ON
SCOOTERS
BUZZING IN AND
OUT ALL DAY
LONG...



THE WHOLE
STREET HATED
THAT HOUSE.

BUT NO ONE WAS
DOING ANYTHING, WE
WERE JUST SITTING
AROUND BEING
ANGRY...



AND THAT'S WHAT CHANGED
THAT DAY... SOMEONE FINALLY
DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

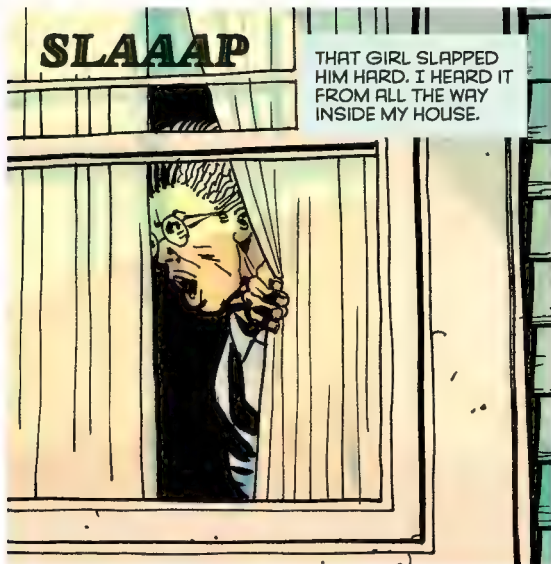
YOU LEFT
ME IN DEL
MAR!

YEAH... 'CAUSE
YOU WERE BEIN'
A FUCKIN'
BITCH.

HEY MAN, SID...
DON'T CALL
HER...



STAY OUT
OF THIS,
TOMMY!



SLAAAP

THAT GIRL SLAPPED
HIM HARD. I HEARD IT
FROM ALL THE WAY
INSIDE MY HOUSE.



AND BY THE TIME I GOT OUT
THE FRONT DOOR, IT WAS PURE
CRAZINESS OVER THERE...

GET THE FUCK
AWAY FROM
HER!

YYH --!

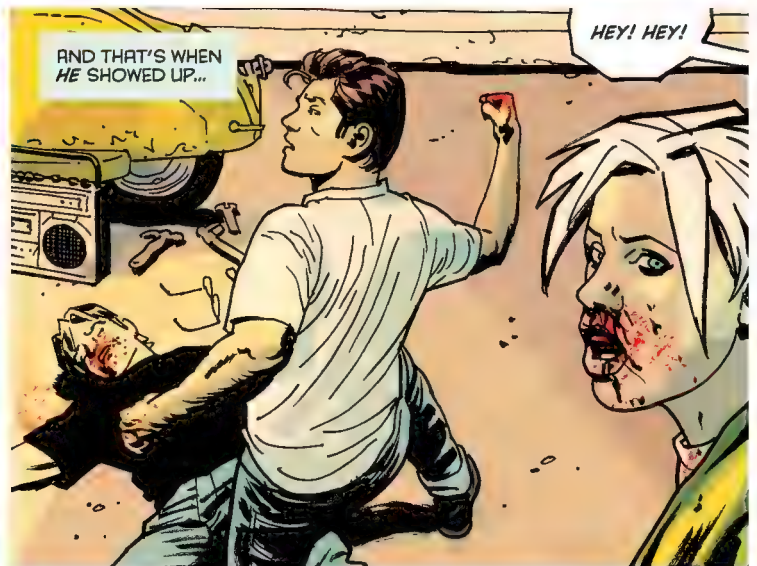
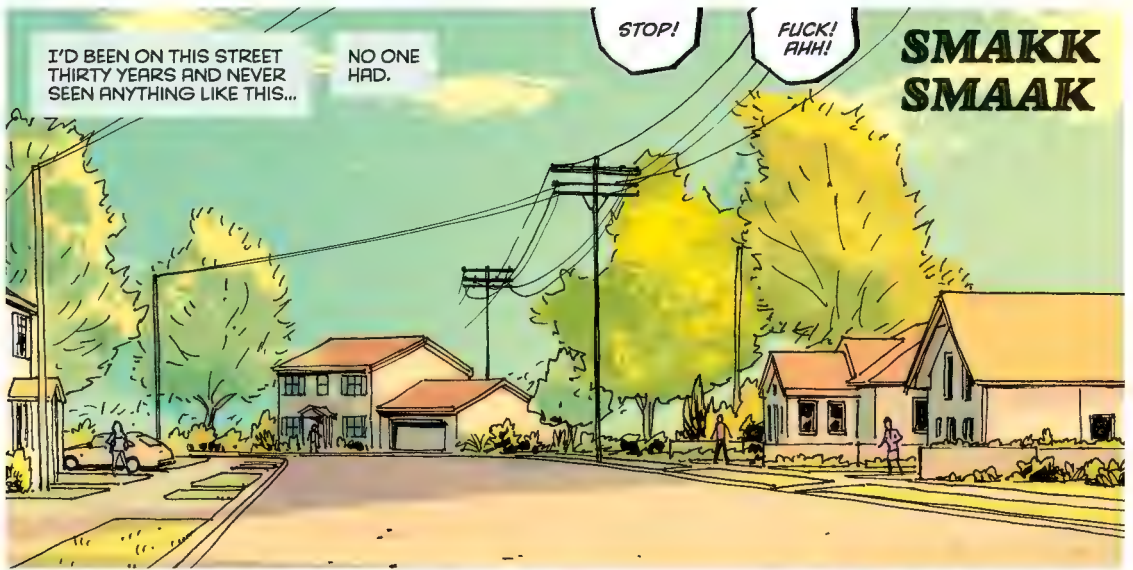


IT WAS JUST AWFUL...
ALL THIS SCREAMING
AND YELLING...



AND THAT LITTLE GUY
WAS NOT A FIGHTER.

SID -
STOP
IT!





THE MAN FROM THE CORNER,
PALMER... AND AT THE TIME,
IT FELT LIKE A MIRACLE...

LIKE I'D WISHED
FOR A COP AND
ONE APPEARED.

POLICE! DON'T
YOU FUCKING
MOVE,
ASSHOLE!



THE KIND OF COP
I WANTED, TOO,
A *HARD ASS*.

HEY MAN - I
DIDN'T *START*
THIS - THEY -

SHUT THE
FUCK UP.



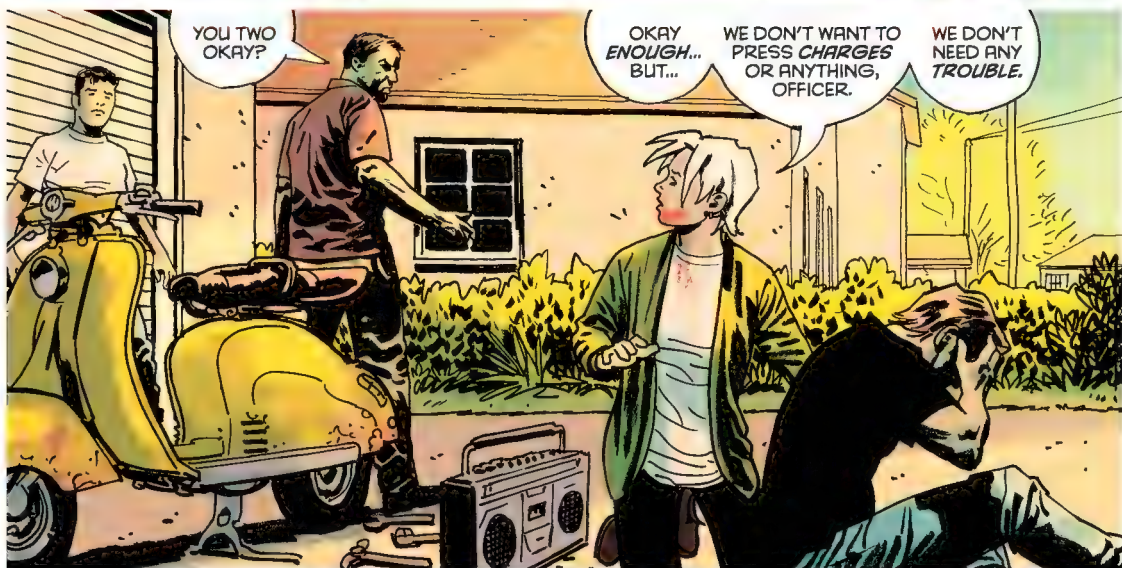
I DON'T GIVE A SHIT
WHO STARTED IT...
YOU'RE THE
PROBLEM.

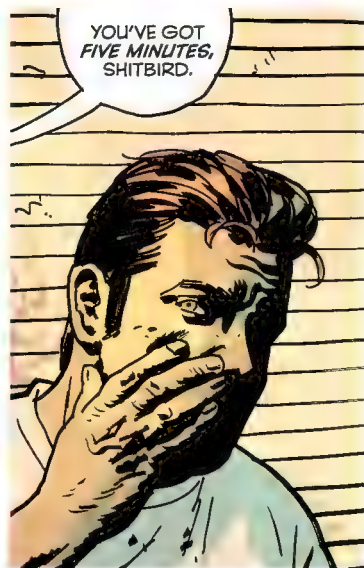
HEY!

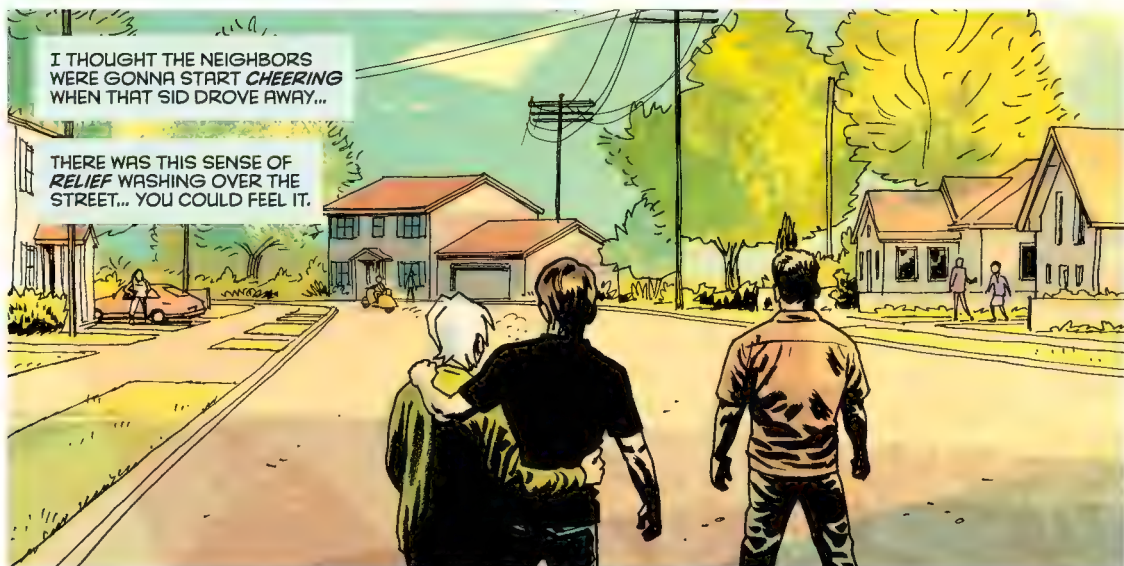


THINK I DON'T
KNOW YOU'RE
DEALING?

WHAT?
I'M NOT...







I THOUGHT THE NEIGHBORS
WERE GONNA START *CHEERING*
WHEN THAT SID DROVE AWAY...

THERE WAS THIS SENSE OF
RELIEF WASHING OVER THE
STREET... YOU COULD FEEL IT.

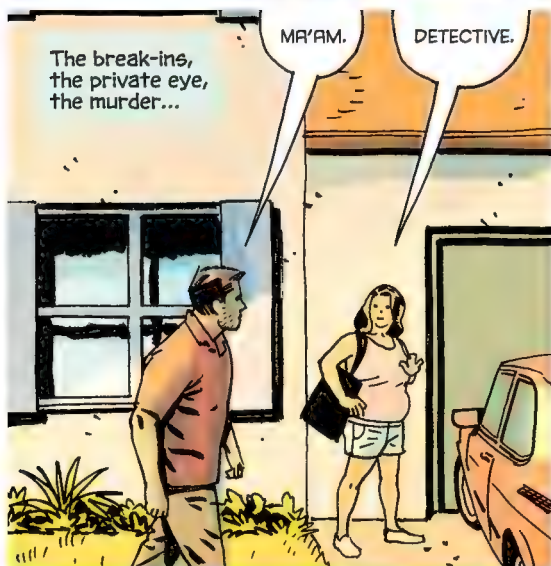


BUT THEN
EVERYONE JUST
WENT BACK
INTO THEIR
HOUSES...

EVERYONE
EXCEPT FOR
TONI.



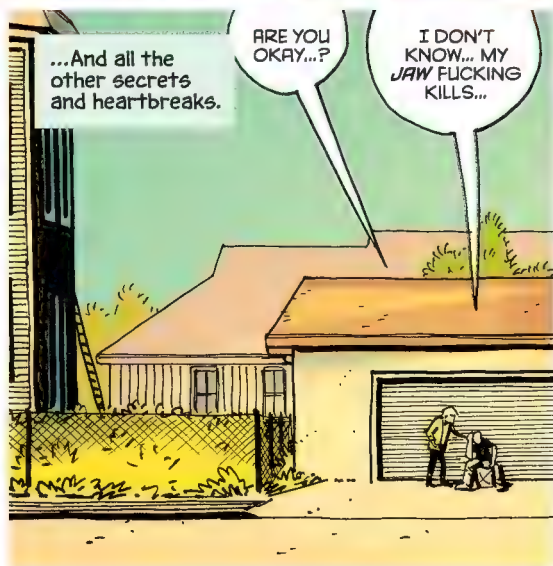
And that was where it all
began, everything that
happened that summer...



The break-ins,
the private eye,
the murder...

MR'AM.

DETECTIVE.



...And all the
other secrets
and heartbreaks.

ARE YOU
OKAY...?

I DON'T
KNOW... MY
JAW FUCKING
KILLS...

Why Wait Until the Middle of a Cold Dark Night?



Toni had never been Fucked like this before.



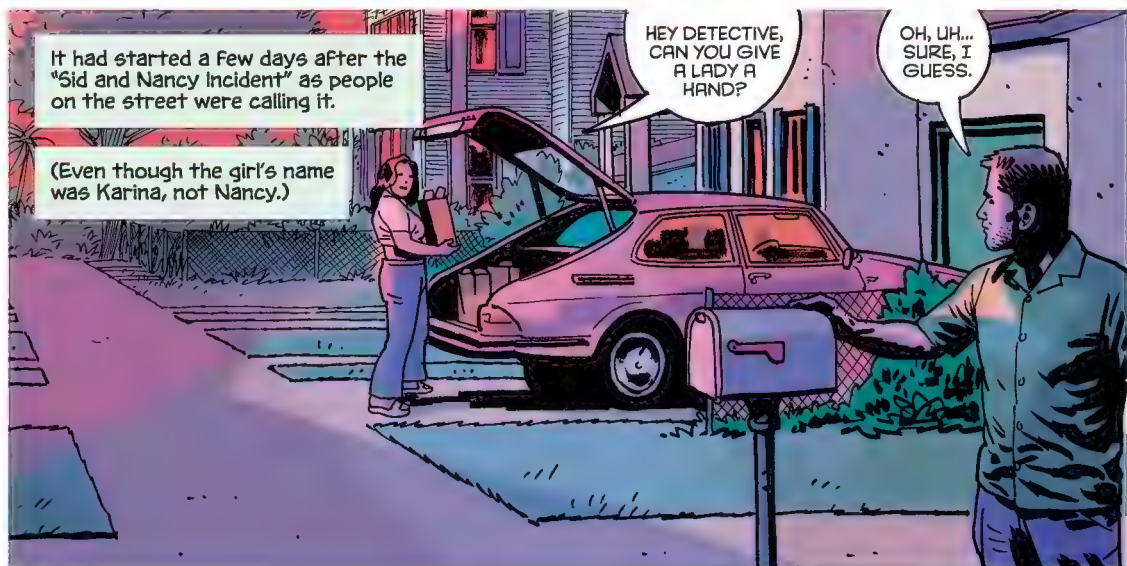
She'd never even really thought of sex as *Fucking* until now. It was too vulgar.

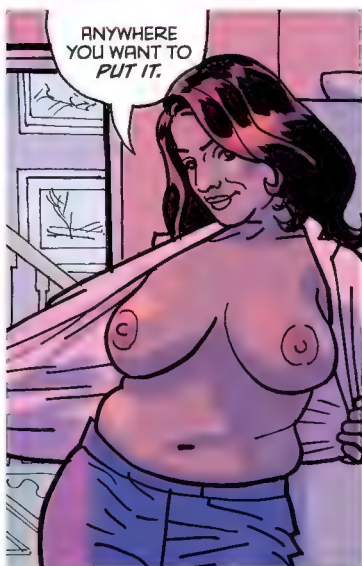


She *got laid* or *made love*.

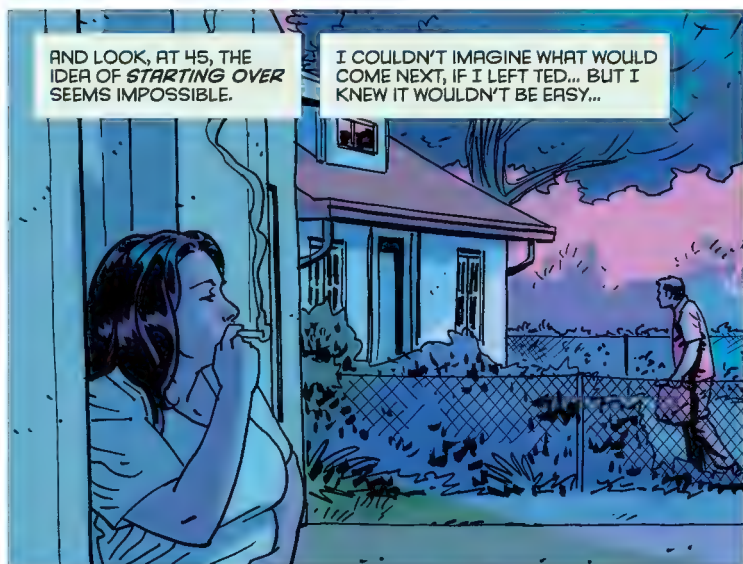
And one time in England, when she was 23, she had *shagged*.









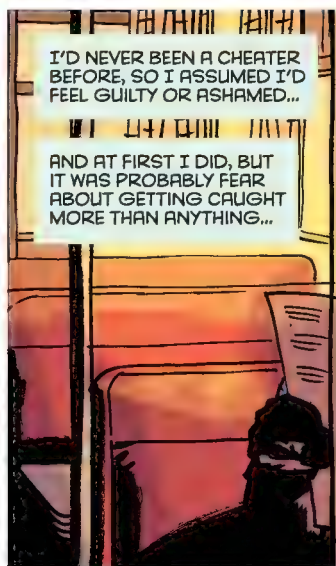


AND LOOK, AT 45, THE IDEA OF **STARTING OVER** SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT WOULD COME NEXT, IF I LEFT TED... BUT I KNEW IT WOULDN'T BE EASY...



SO INSTEAD I STAYED, AND I HAD AN AFFAIR.



I'D NEVER BEEN A CHEATER BEFORE, SO I ASSUMED I'D FEEL GUILTY OR ASHAMED...

AND AT FIRST I DID, BUT IT WAS PROBABLY FEAR ABOUT GETTING CAUGHT MORE THAN ANYTHING...



YOU OKAY?

YEAH, I JUST... I THOUGHT THAT WAS SOMEONE I **KNEW**...



BECAUSE PRETTY SOON I FOUND OUT THE OTHER REASON THEY CALL IT **CHEATING**.

WITH PALMER, I WAS ALIVE LIKE I HADN'T BEEN, MAYBE **EVER**...



AND I **STILL** HAD ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME... THE HOUSE, MONEY, A BIG TV... A NICE CAR.



I WAS CHEATING AT LIFE.

...OH GOD...
DON'T STOP...



AND HIM BEING A *COPP* WELL, I'M NOT GONNA SAY THAT WASN'T *PART* OF WHAT TURNED ME ON ABOUT HIM...



I REMEMBER ONE TIME WE WERE OUT, AND THESE TEENAGERS WERE HASSLING US...

SAID I HAD A FAT ASS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

HEY LADY, FRIES GO THAT SHAKE

BWAH HA HA!



AND HE PULLED OUT HIS BADGE AND SHUT THEM RIGHT UP.

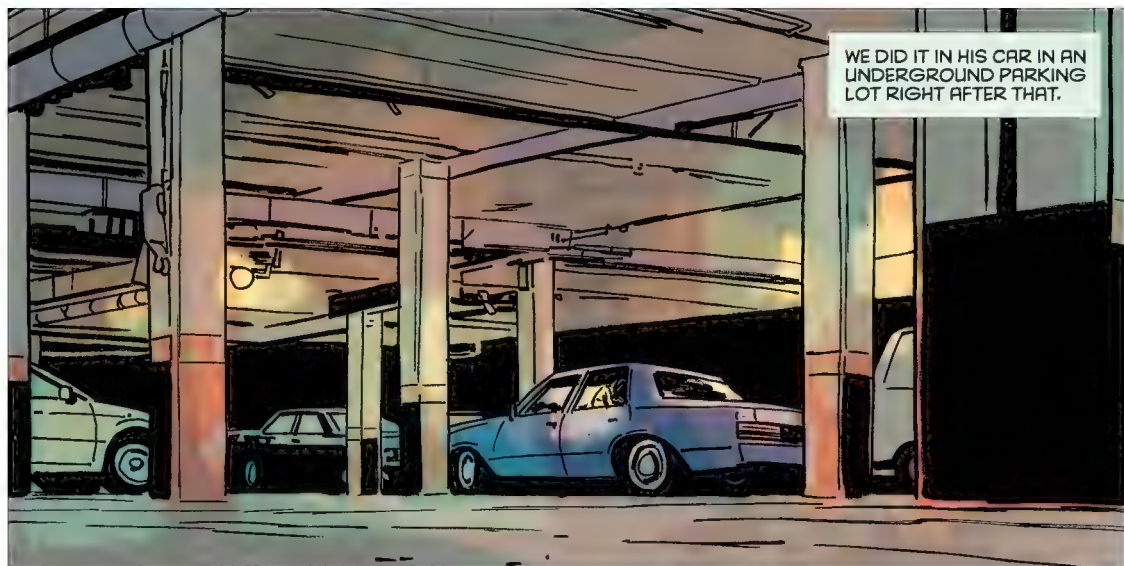
YOU PICKED THE WRONG ASSHOLE TO *FUCK WITH*, SHITHEADS.

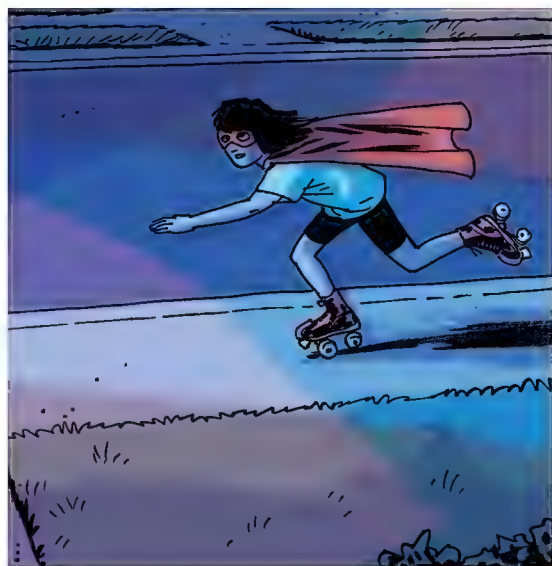
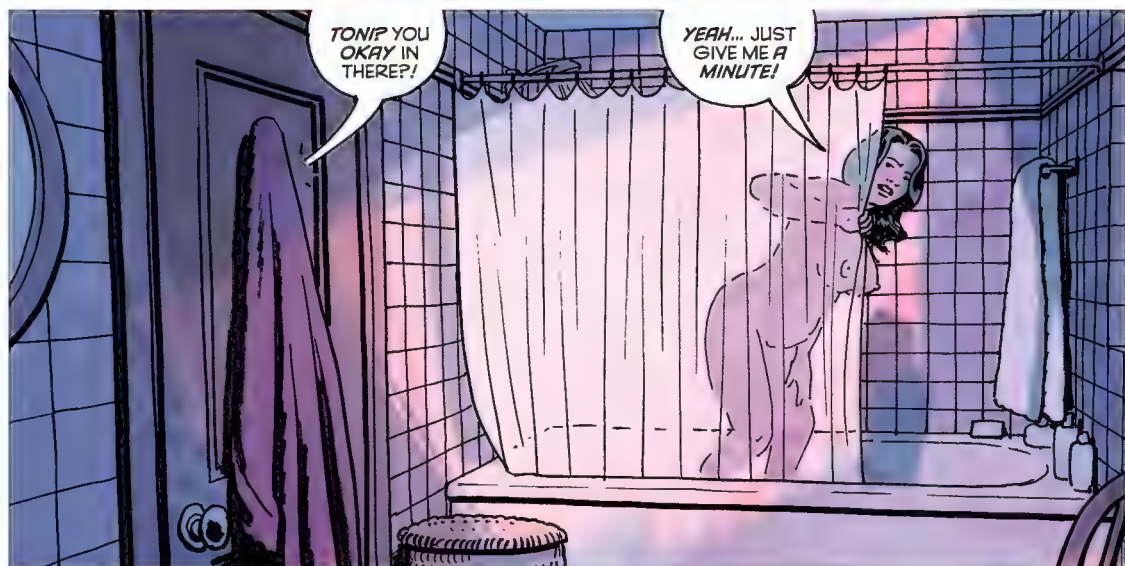


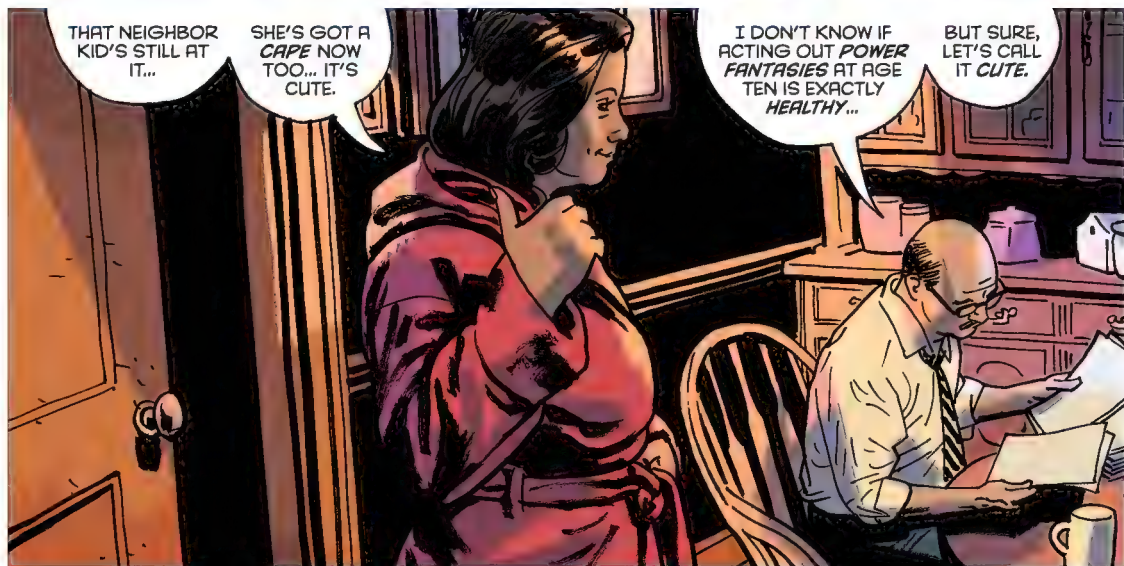
IMMEDIATELY, THESE TWO WERE CRYING AND APOLOGIZING...

OH GOD... PLEASE DON'T TELL MY DAD...

WE WERE JUST... WE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING...



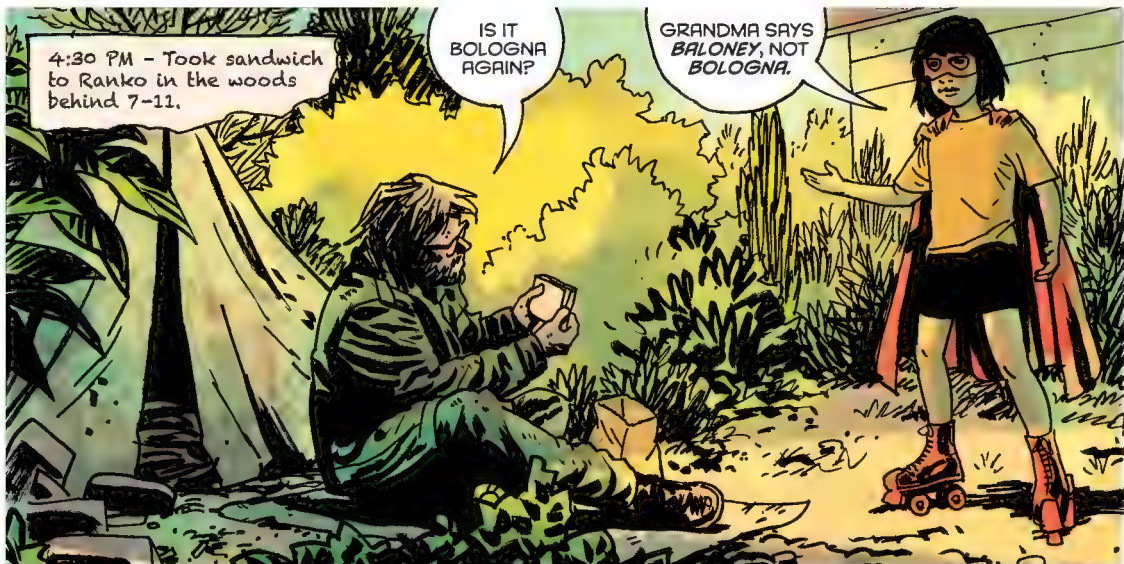














YEAH, IT'S
AROUND HERE...
SOMEWHERE...

YOU NEED TO
KEEP YOUR TENT
AND STUFF
MORE *TIDY*,
RANKO...

THE NEIGHBORS
WILL *COMPLAIN*
IF THEY START
NOTICING
YOU.



AH, NO ONE
BESIDES YOU
EVEN *SEES*
ME, KID.

I'M A JUNGLE
CAT... LIKE
BACK IN THE
WAR...



WELL, PEOPLE WILL
NOTICE TRASH
AND CIGARETTE
BUTTS...

PLUS, YOU
COULD START
A FIRE.



ALL RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT... I'LL
CLEAN UP...

OKAY,
BATGIRL?



I'M NOT
BATGIRL, BUT
YES, OKAY.



SO, YOU SEE
ANYTHING
GOOD
TODAY?





SEMPER
FI!

I WAS *SUCH* A
WEIRD KID...



I MEAN, YOU SEE LITTLE
GIRLS IN COSTUMES ALL
THE TIME *NOW*... LIKE AT
ANIME CONS AND
STUFF...

BUT IT *WASN'T*
LIKE THAT IN
THE '80S.

Lila Nguyen
- Age 45



JUST BEING A GIRL THAT
LIKED *COMICS* AT ALL
WOULD GET YOU *BULLIED*...

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I WAS
DOING, ACTUALLY PRETENDING
TO BE A SUPERHERO.

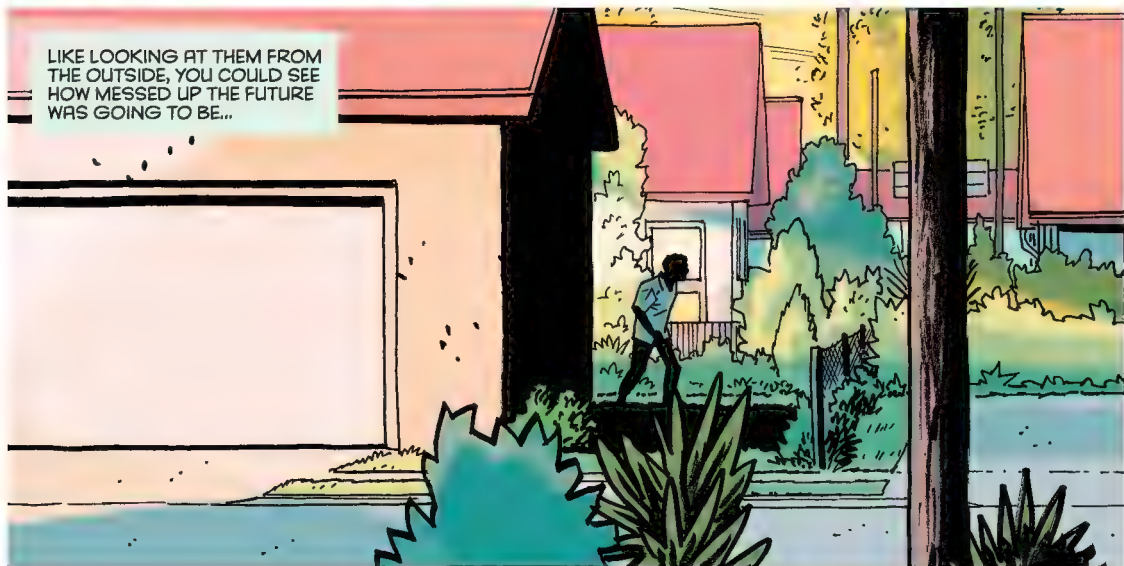
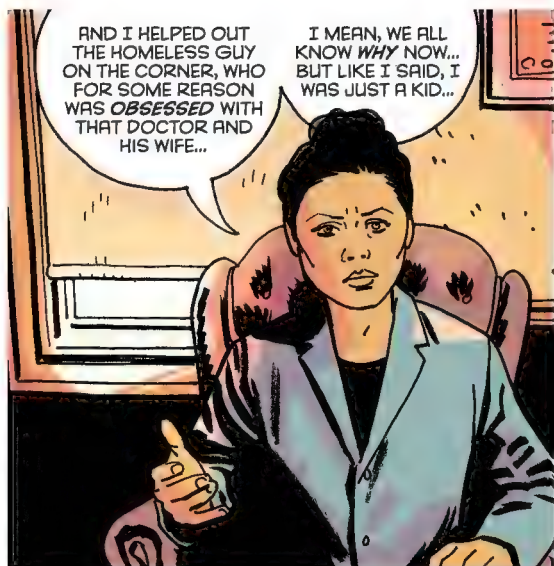


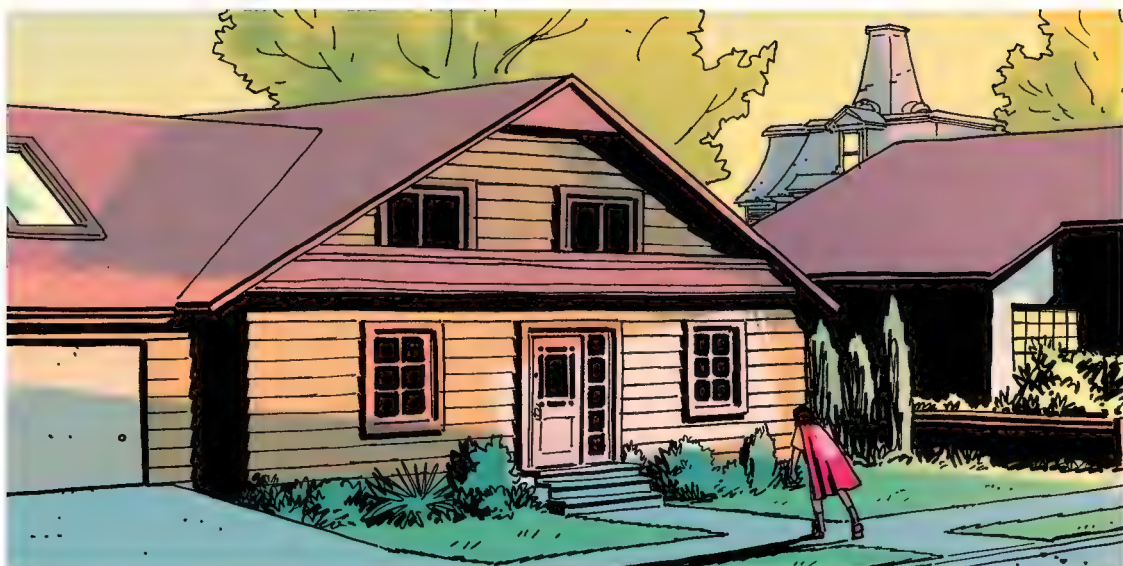
IT STARTED AFTER THAT FIGHT AT THE
BOARDING HOUSE, WHEN THE COP
MADE THAT PUNK ROCK GUY LEAVE...

I THINK MY LITTLE KID
BRAIN WAS LIKE, "HEY,
THE NEIGHBORHOOD
NEEDS ME!"



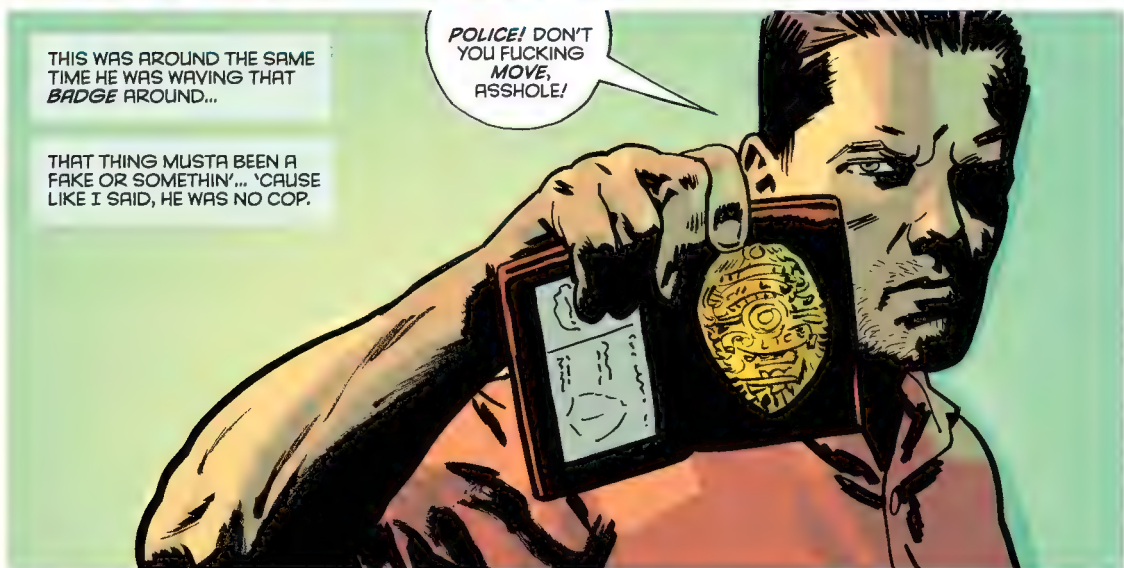
SO I'D SKATE AROUND
AND BASICALLY SPY
ON PEOPLE...

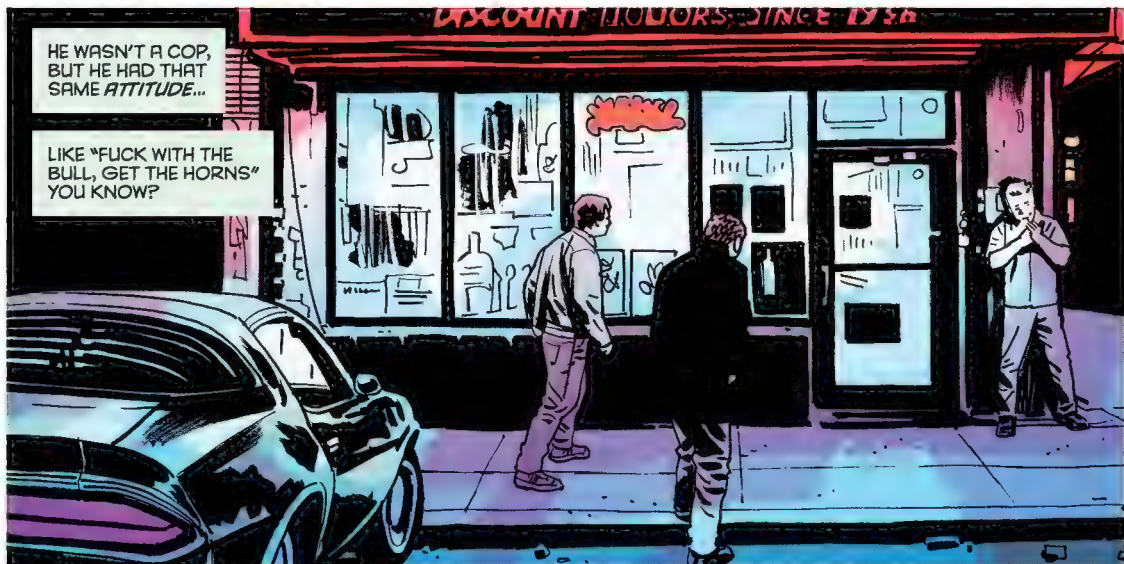












HE WASN'T A COP,
BUT HE HAD THAT
SAME *ATTITUDE*...

LIKE "FUCK WITH THE
BULL, GET THE HORNS"
YOU KNOW?



AND I THOUGHT
IT WAS *WEIRD*,
HOW HE COULD
JUST CHANGE
LIKE THAT...

BUT Y'KNOW,
PEOPLE *DO*
CHANGE... USUALLY
SLOW AND OVER
TIME...

BUT I REMEMBER
HIS *DAD* DIED
THAT YEAR, TOO...
THAT FUCKS WITH
YOUR HEAD.



SO I FIGURED HE JUST
GOT MORE *SERIOUS*,
STARTED GROWIN' UP...



I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT WAS *REALLY*
GOIN' ON.



Man With a Badge



It's true that Palmer wasn't a policeman, so where did the badge come from?



It was his father's.



Walter Sneed had been a cop for as long as Palmer could remember...



And he'd spent the last ten years of his career in the *detective squad* downtown...

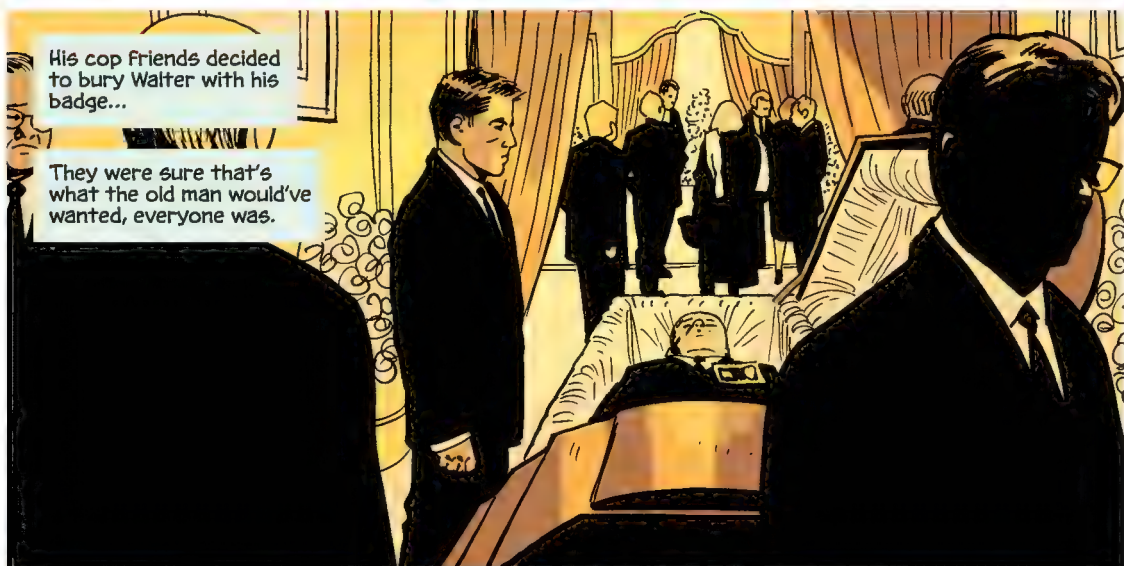




Where he'd died just
a week before
retirement...

A massive heart
attack while eating a
double cheeseburger.

This was in
March of 1984.



His cop friends decided
to bury Walter with his
badge...

They were sure that's
what the old man would've
wanted, everyone was.



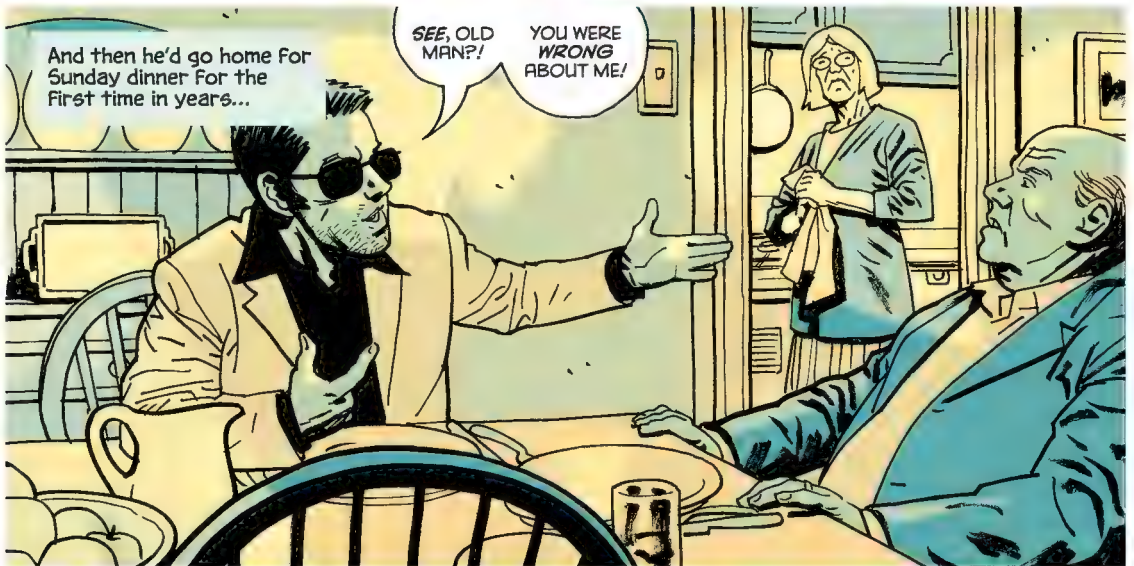
But when Palmer
saw that badge...

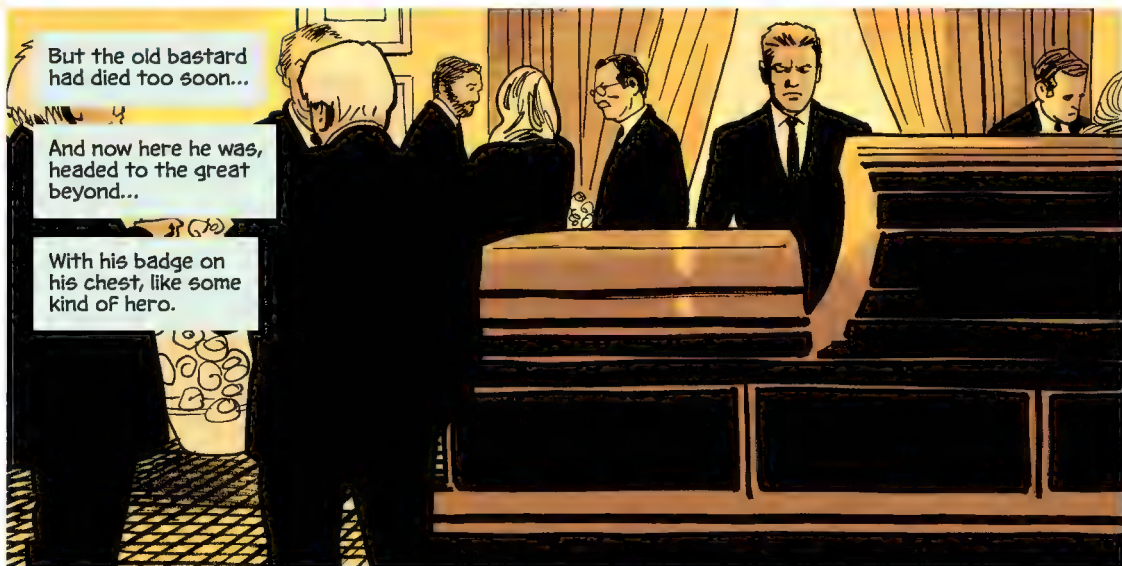


And his dad's dead
expression...



He thought about all the
times the old man had
beaten the shit out of him...







AND AT FIRST,
IT WAS JUST A
"FUCK YOU, DAD"
MEMENTO...

THIS *THING* I'D
TAKEN FROM HIM
THAT ONLY I
KNEW ABOUT.

BUT I WASN'T
USING IT,
Y'KNOW? I
JUST *HAD* IT.



SOMETIMES I'D SEE STUFF
THAT ANNOYED ME... KIDS
SPRAY-PAINTING ON
BUILDINGS...

OR DRINKING,
GETTING ROWDY...



EVEN SMASHING
SHOP WINDOWS...

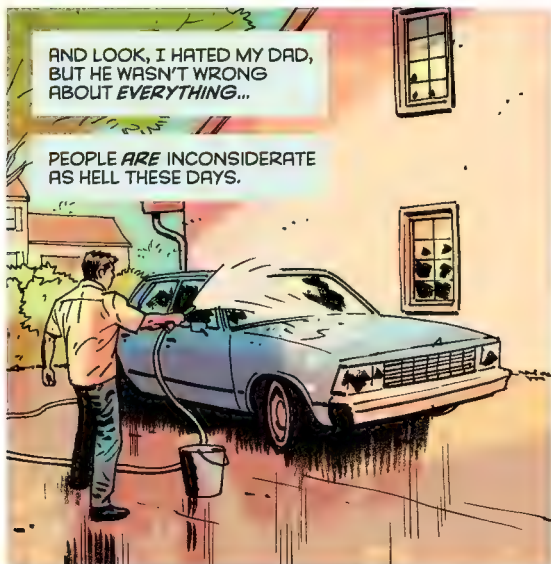
KIDS RUN *WILD* WHEN
NO ONE'S LOOKING.



AND I'D REMEMBER HOW MY DAD,
EVEN OFF DUTY, WAS *ALWAYS*
SUCH A FUCKING COP...

HEY *BUDDY*,
YOU WANNA
PUT THAT
OUT?

OTHER PEOPLE
ARE TRYING TO
BREATHE IN
HERE.

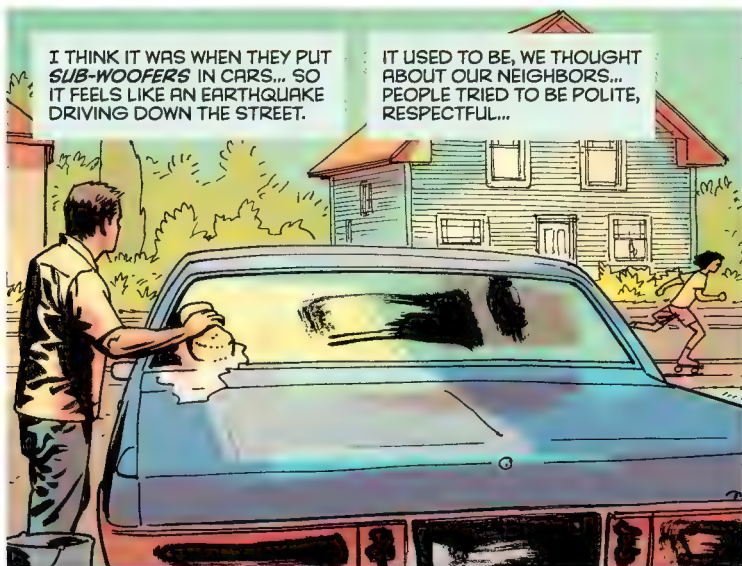


AND LOOK, I HATED MY DAD,
BUT HE WASN'T WRONG
ABOUT *EVERYTHING*...

PEOPLE *ARE* INCONSIDERATE
AS HELL THESE DAYS.



AT SOME POINT, EVERYONE JUST STARTED
ACTING LIKE THEY WERE THE *ONLY PERSON*
IN THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD.

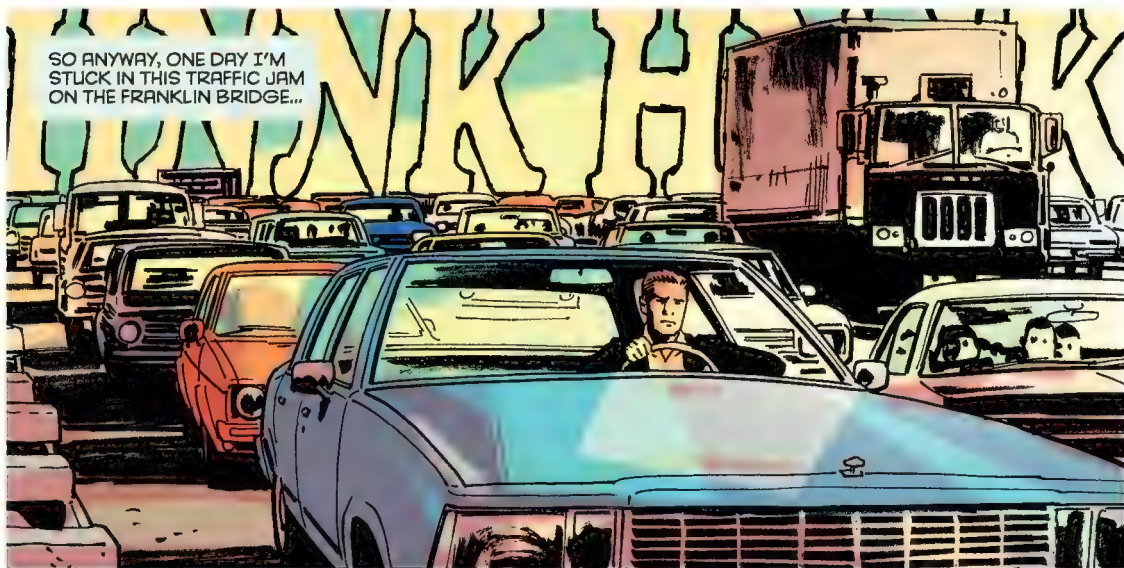


I THINK IT WAS WHEN THEY PUT
SUB-WOOFERS IN CARS... SO
IT FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
DRIVING DOWN THE STREET.

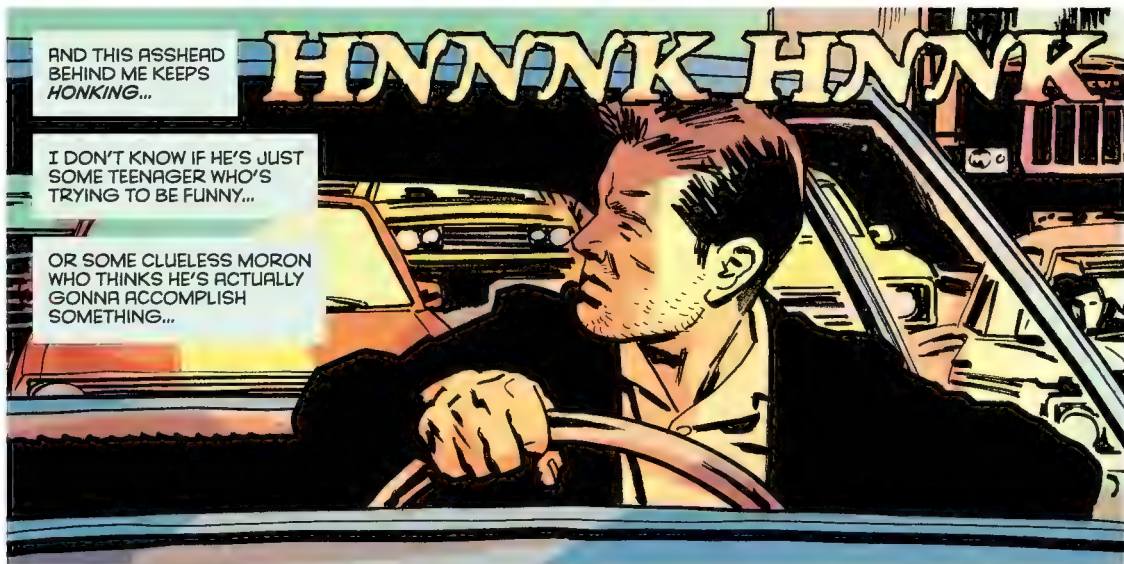
IT USED TO BE, WE THOUGHT
ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS...
PEOPLE TRIED TO BE POLITE,
RESPECTFUL...



BUT NOT
ANYMORE.



SO ANYWAY, ONE DAY I'M
STUCK IN THIS TRAFFIC JAM
ON THE FRANKLIN BRIDGE...



AND THIS ASSHEAD
BEHIND ME KEEPS
HONKING...

I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S JUST
SOME TEENAGER WHO'S
TRYING TO BE FUNNY...

OR SOME CLUELESS MORON
WHO THINKS HE'S ACTUALLY
GONNA ACCOMPLISH
SOMETHING...



BUT I JUST
GO FUCKING
BALLISTIC.

**HNNNK
HNNNK**

MOTHERFUCKER...



ENOUGH!

HEY --!



AND SUDDENLY THE
BADGE IS JUST IN
MY HAND...

WHAT THE HELL
IS *WRONG*
WITH YOU?!

YOU WANT
ME TO *RUIN*
YOUR LIFE
TODAY?!



BECAUSE I
FUCKING *WILL*...
BELIEVE ME.

NO NO...
PLEASE... OH
GOD...

I'M SORRY...
I'M SORRY,
OFFICER...



EVERYONE'S SORRY WHEN THEY THINK THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET ARRESTED.

FUNNY HOW THAT WORKS.

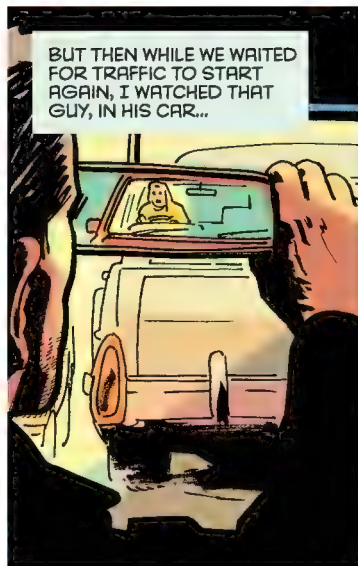
I'M GONNA LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING THIS TIME...

BUT TRY TO BEHAVE LIKE A CIVILIZED HUMAN BEING FROM NOW ON.

YES... YES SIR... I WILL, I'M SORRY...



ANYWAY, I DIDN'T PLAN IT... I EVEN REMEMBER THINKING, WHAT AM I DOING?



BUT THEN WHILE WE WAITED FOR TRAFFIC TO START AGAIN, I WATCHED THAT GUY, IN HIS CAR...



AND HE WAS SHITTING HIS PANTS... HE WAS NEVER GONNA DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT EVER AGAIN.



THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED WHAT I ACTUALLY HAD...

THE BADGE WAS LIKE THIS MAGIC THING I COULD JUST FLASH AND PEOPLE HAD TO STOP BEING ASSHOLES.



BUT STILL, IMPERSONATING A COP IS A FELONY. YOU CAN DO A FEW YEARS IN *PRISON* FOR THAT.

SO IT'S NOT LIKE I COULD JUST WEAR IT AROUND MY NECK.



I BARELY USED IT AT ALL BEFORE THE "SID AND NANCY INCIDENT."

JUST ONE TIME WHEN SOME GUY WAS *LOITERING* AND I WANTED HIS PARKING SPACE...



AND ONCE TO SCARE OFF THIS DRUNK THAT WAS HITTING ON A BARTENDER I LIKED...

ALL RIGHT, *FUCKO*, HIT THE BRICKS.

THE LADY'S TIRED OF YOUR *SHIT*.

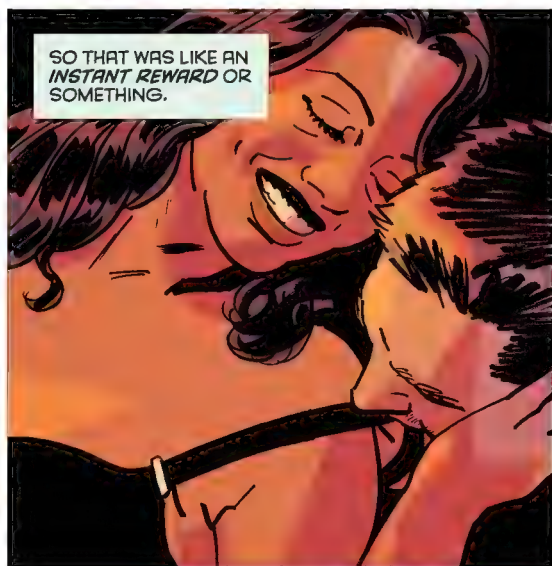
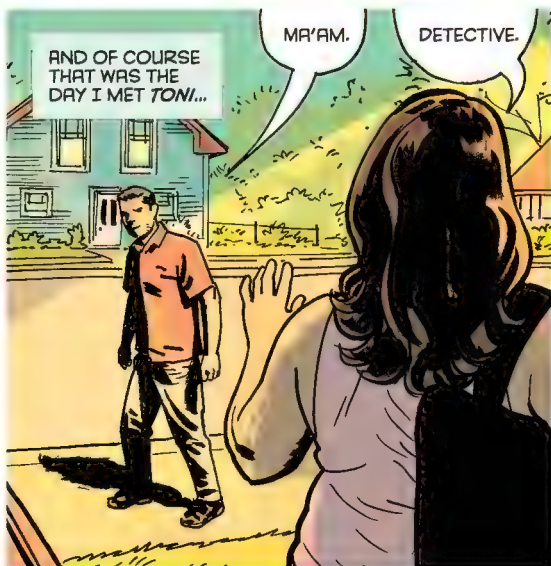
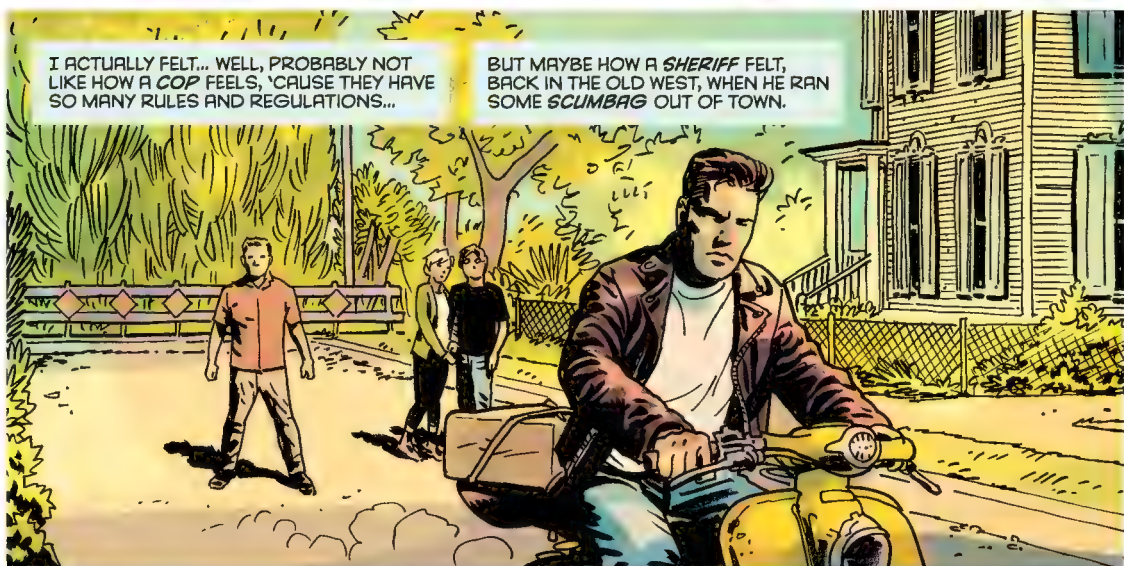
...WHOA... *CHILL OUT*, DUDE... JESUS...



STILL, JUST KNOWING I HAD IT MADE ME FEEL DIFFERENT. CALMER, MORE IN CHARGE.

AND PEOPLE TREATED ME DIFFERENT, TOO.

WITH MORE RESPECT.





BUT ACTUALLY,
THAT *WASN'T* THE
DAY I MET HER...

HEY, I'M
PALMER...

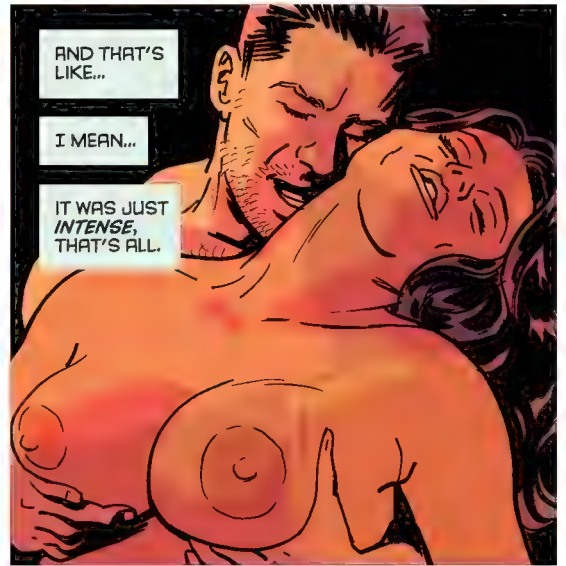
OH SURE,
WELCOME TO THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.

I MET TONI THE DAY I
MOVED IN, AND SHE DIDN'T
LOOK AT ME TWICE.



NOW THOUGH, WITH THE
BADGE, SHE DOESN'T
JUST LOOK AT ME...

SHE FUCKING
DEVOURS ME.



AND THAT'S
LIKE...

I MEAN...

IT WAS JUST
INTENSE,
THAT'S ALL.



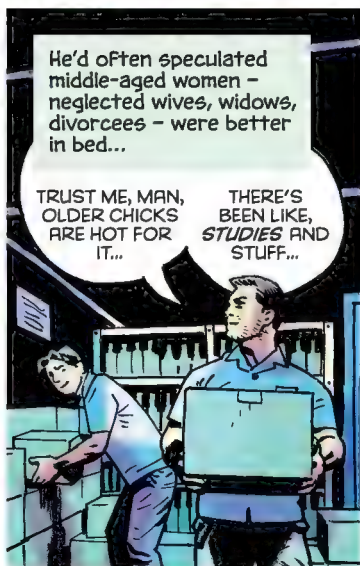
It was the First time Palmer
had Felt desired in his life, as
far as he could remember.



Toni Melville was 14 years older than him...

And he thought about that sometimes, that he probably had some kind of mother issues.

But he didn't care.



He'd often speculated middle-aged women - neglected wives, widows, divorcees - were better in bed...

TRUST ME, MAN, OLDER CHICKS ARE HOT FOR IT...

THERE'S BEEN LIKE, STUDIES AND STUFF...



And he was happy to find out he was right, at least as far as Toni was concerned.

...JESUS... I THINK YOU ALMOST **BROKE IT** THAT TIME...

DON'T WORRY... I **KNOW** WHAT I'M **DOING**...



But having to pretend to be a cop all the time was a lot of work...

Keeping track of the lies... Cases, names of partners...

AND THEN **BRADLEY** GETS THE CUFFS ON THIS SCUMBAG...

HE'LL PROBABLY DO TEN... MAYBE FIFTEEN YEARS.



He tried imagining a different lie...

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF ME *RETIRING* AND US MOVING AWAY TOGETHER?

WHAT?!



But what if she didn't want him if he wasn't a "cop" anymore?

SO... YOU'D *GIVE UP* THE BADGE?



Palmer didn't know how Toni felt, beyond her desire, but for him this was love...

Something he hadn't experienced much in his life, and he wanted to hold on to it. To her.



So he decided to let the lie go on for as long as it could...

And for a few months, everything just went on like it was...

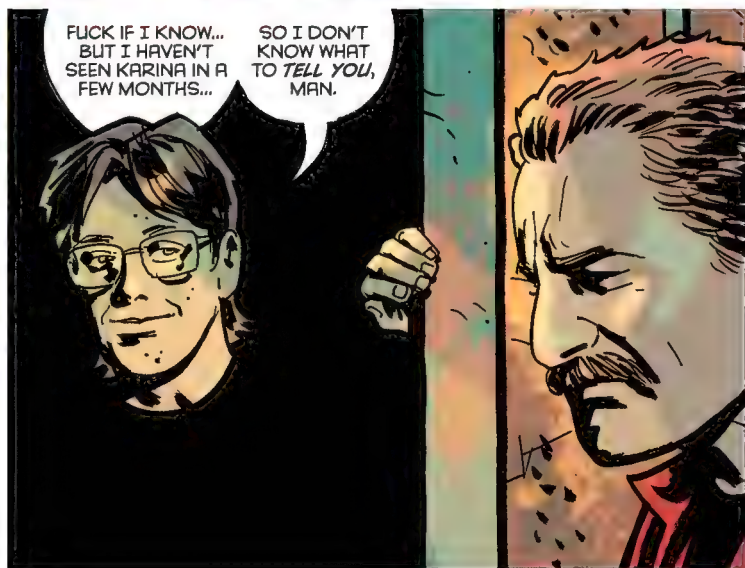
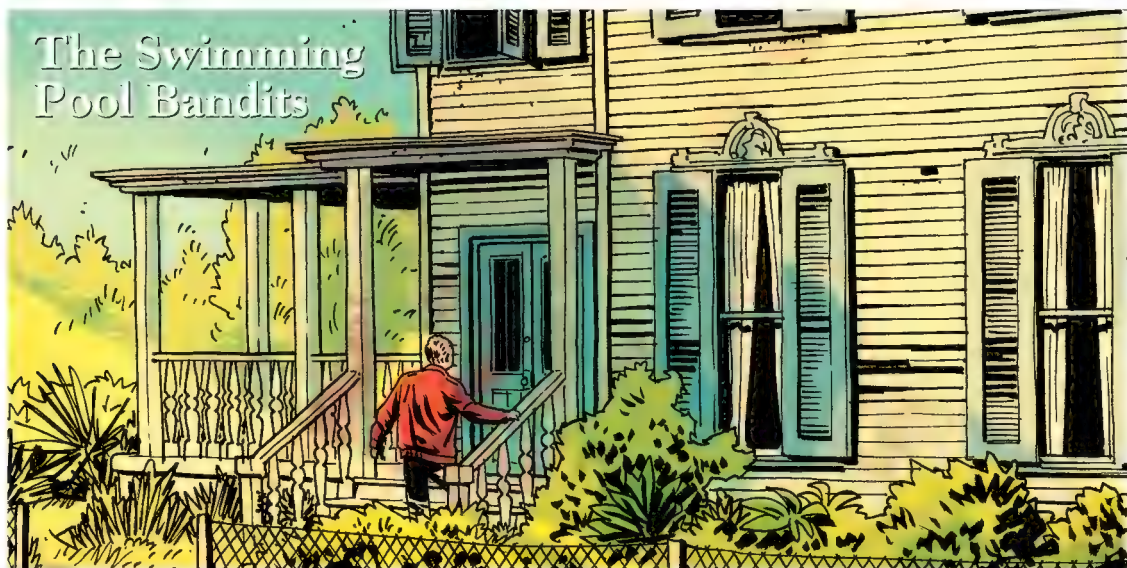
And he was happy.

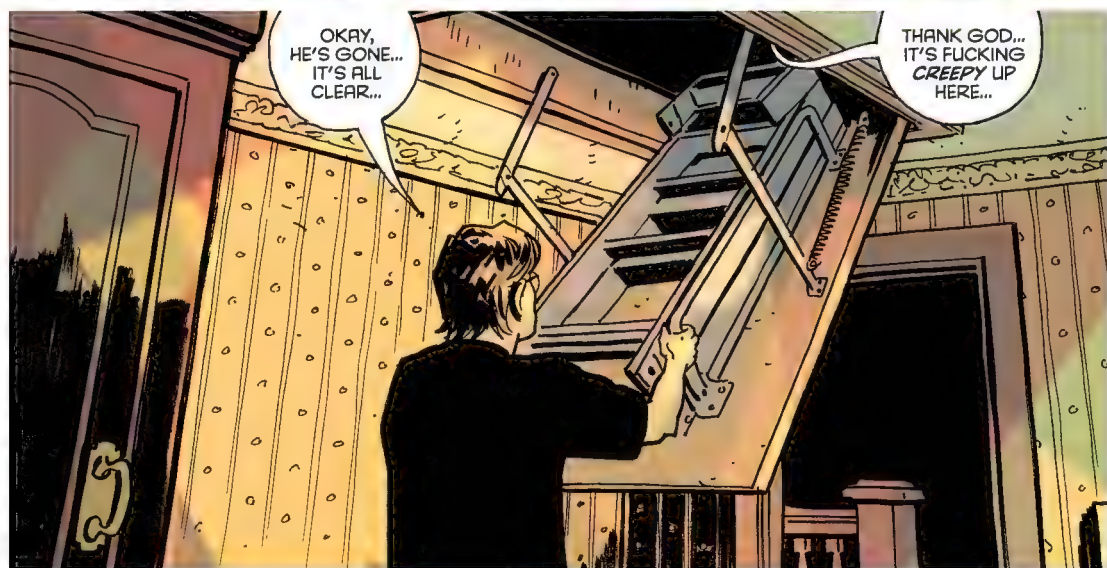
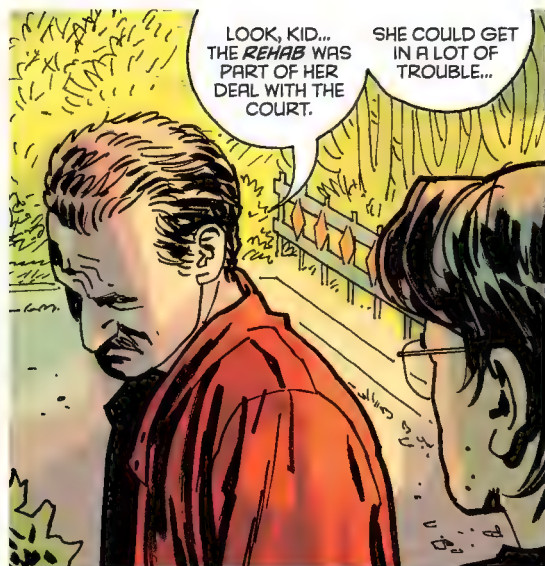


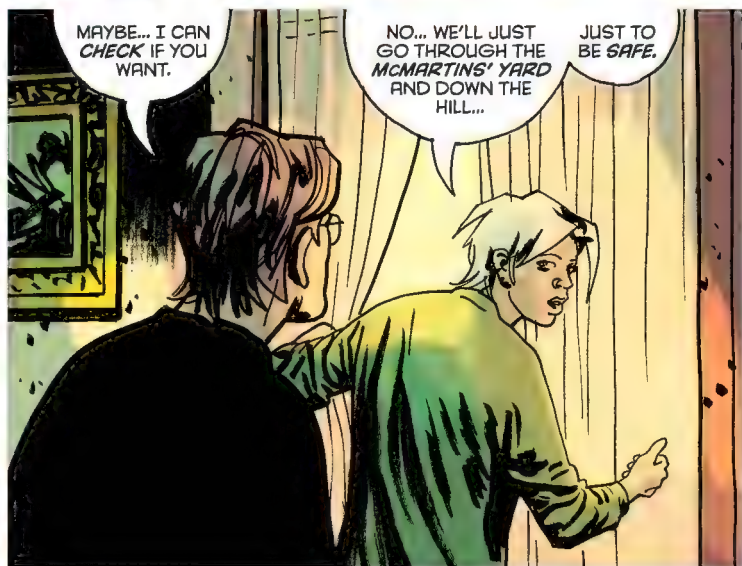


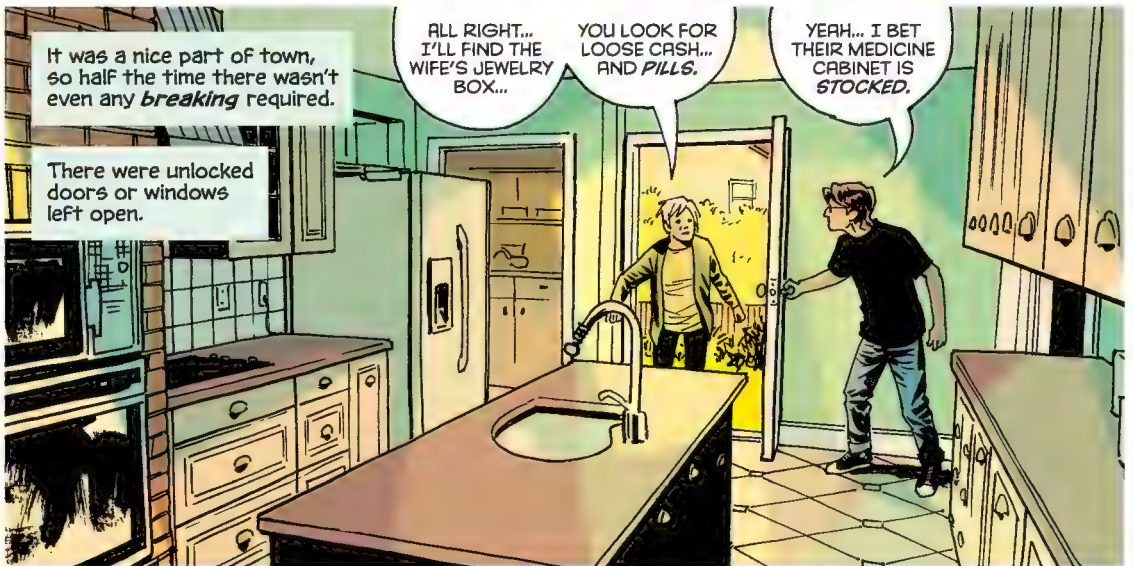
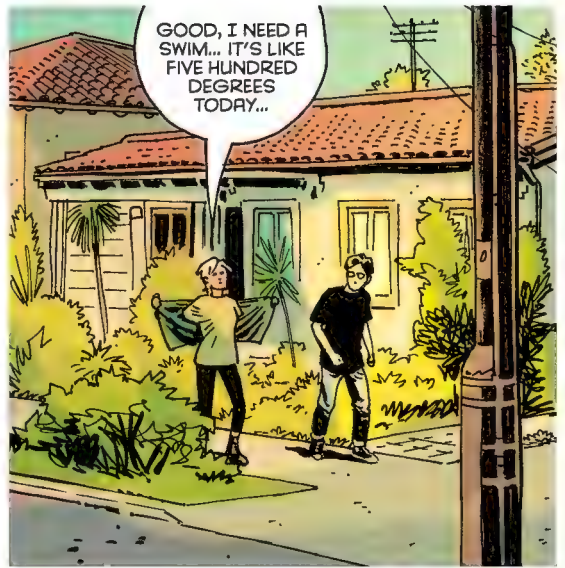


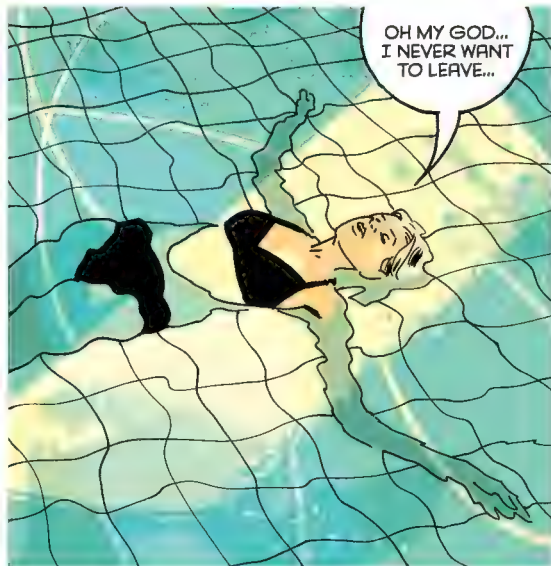
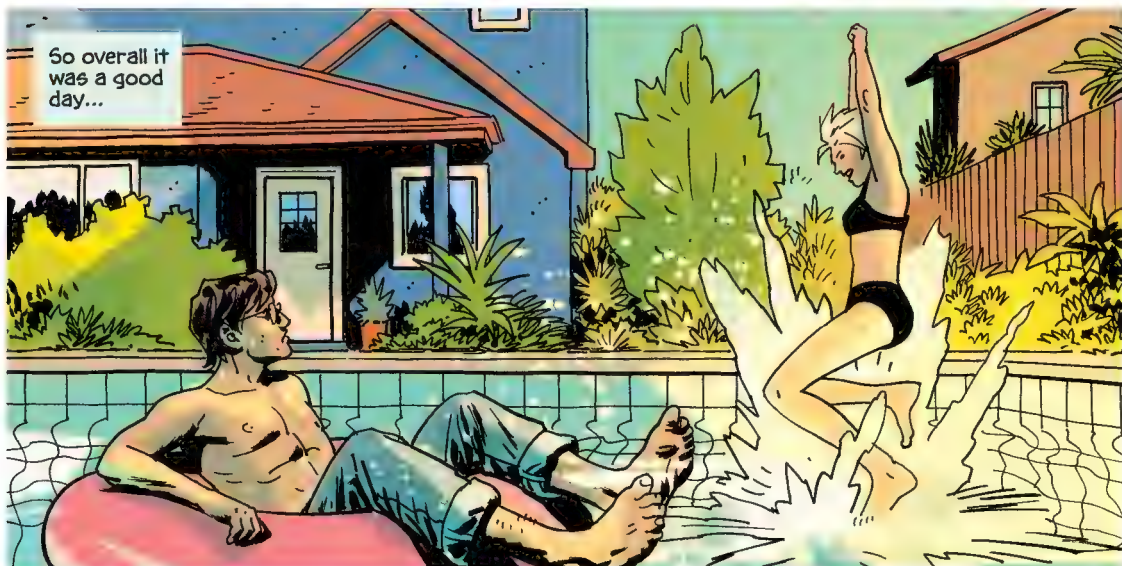
The Swimming Pool Bandits

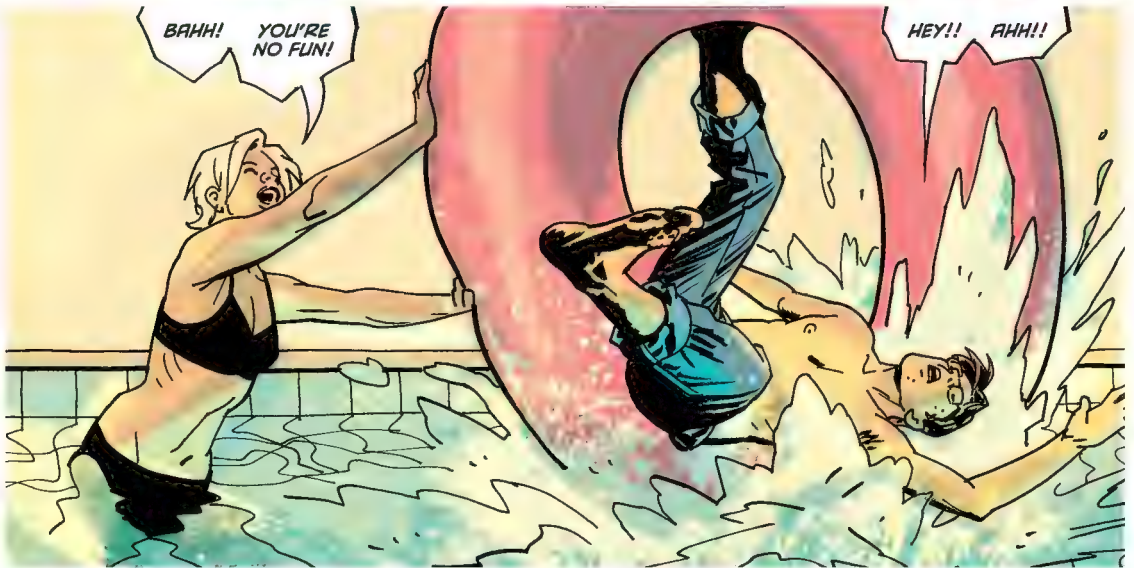
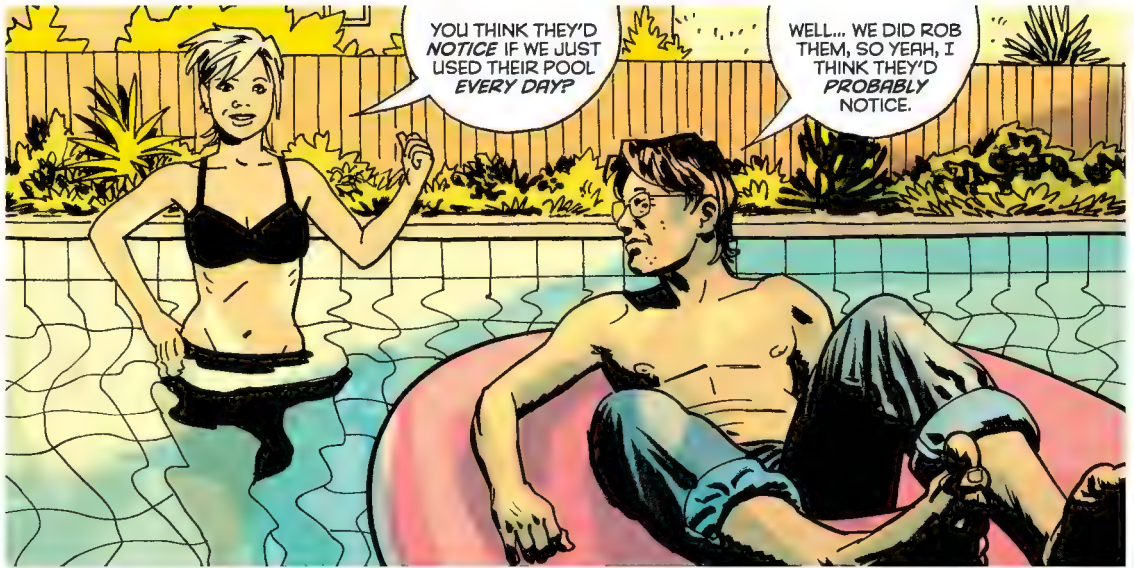


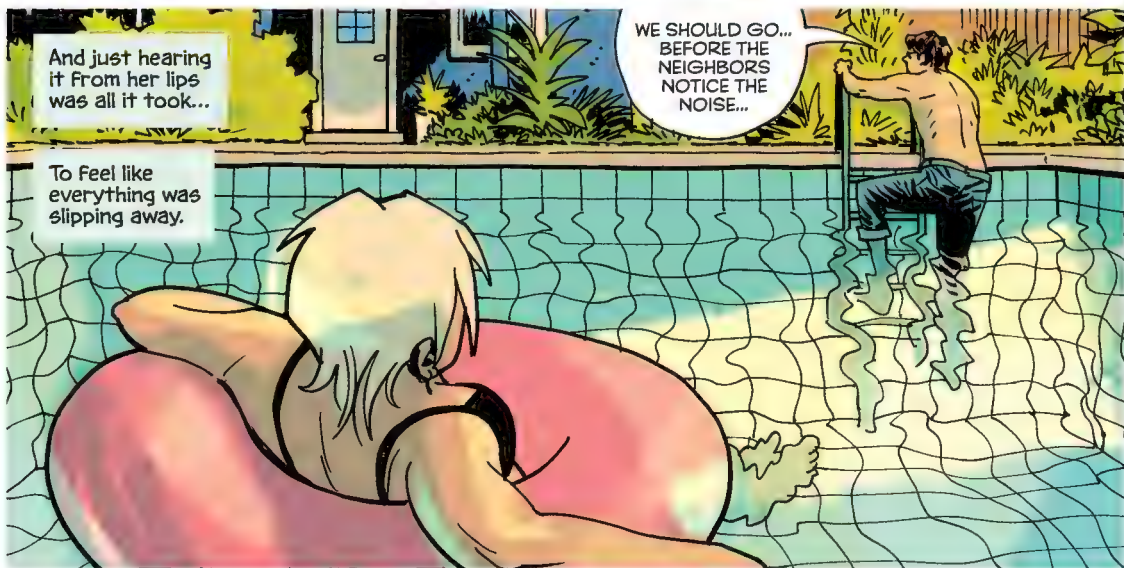
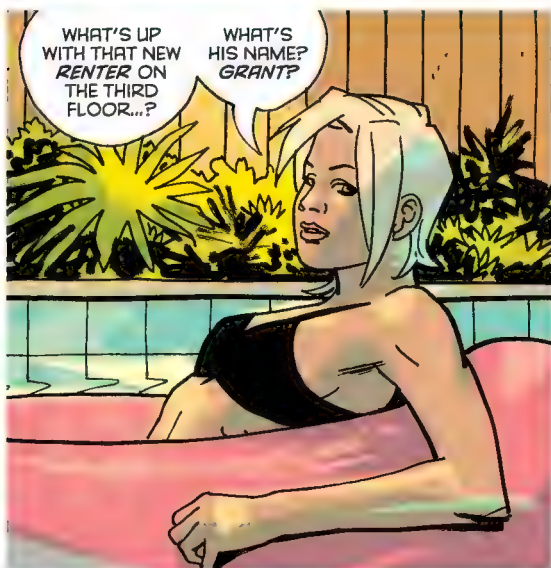
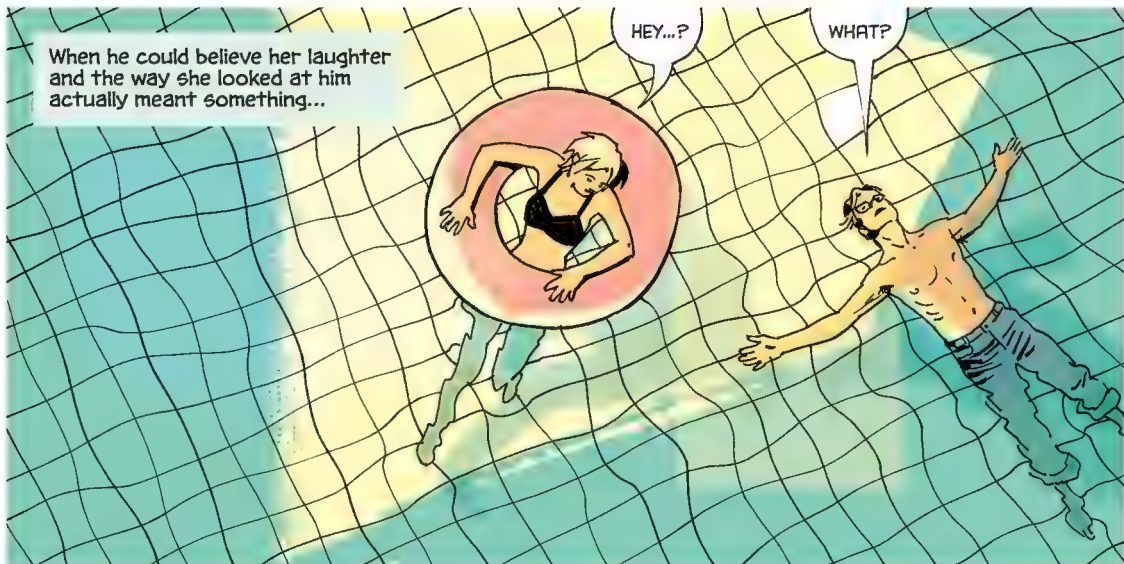




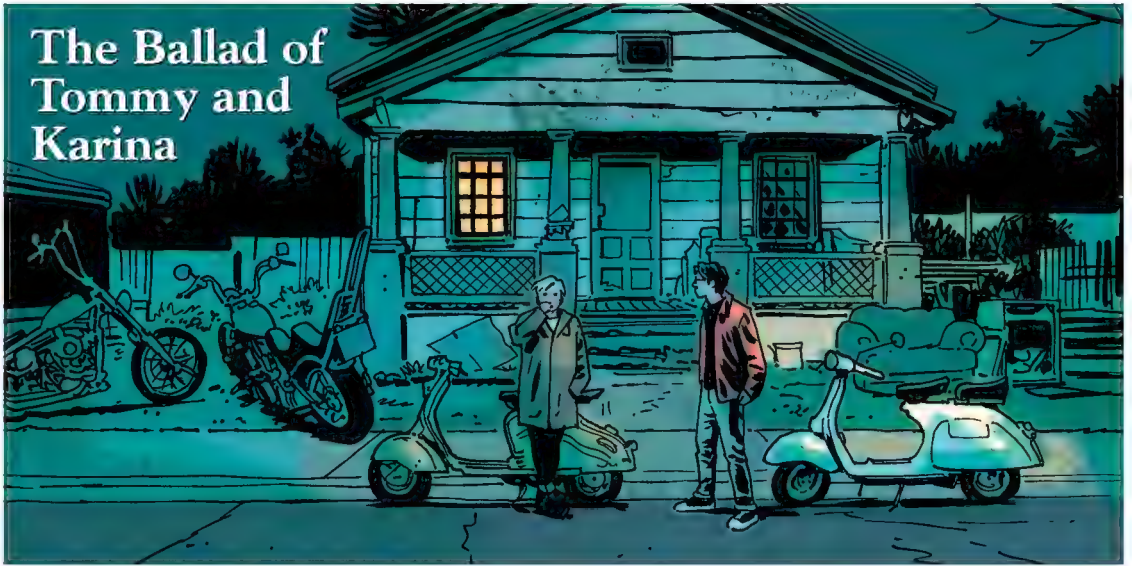








The Ballad of Tommy and Karina



She was Sid's girlfriend when they met... But Sid had two other girlfriends...

So that didn't stop Tommy from falling for her immediately...

WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE WHERE THE GUY BREAKS DOWN JUST OUTSIDE HIS OLD HOMETOWN...?

WHERE HE SEES HIMSELF AS A KID AT THE *MERRY-GO-ROUND*?



YEAH, AND AT THE END HE'S GOT A LIMP...

OH - "*WALKING DISTANCE*," THAT'S WHAT THAT ONE'S CALLED.

RIGHT, YEAH... AND THAT'S BASED ON SERLING'S *REAL* HOMETOWN, I THINK.

That first night, they waited outside while Sid was scoring an eightball from some bikers...

And somehow they ended up talking about the *Twilight Zone*...





Tommy spent every Thanksgiving watching the *Twilight Zone* marathon...

But he'd never met a girl who had even heard of it...

And here was Karina, practically *quoting* Rod Serling...

THAT PART AT THE END ALWAYS KILLS ME...

HOW ON SOME SUMMER NIGHT, HE'LL HEAR DISTANT MUSIC AND VOICES FROM THE PAST...



AND HE'LL WISH HE COULD'VE STAYED YOUNG FOREVER...

BUT HE KNOWS HE CAN'T GO BACK...



THAT'S JUST SO SAD, Y'KNOW...?

LIKE US, RIGHT NOW... SOMEDAY WE'LL BE THOSE DISTANT VOICES FROM THE PAST.



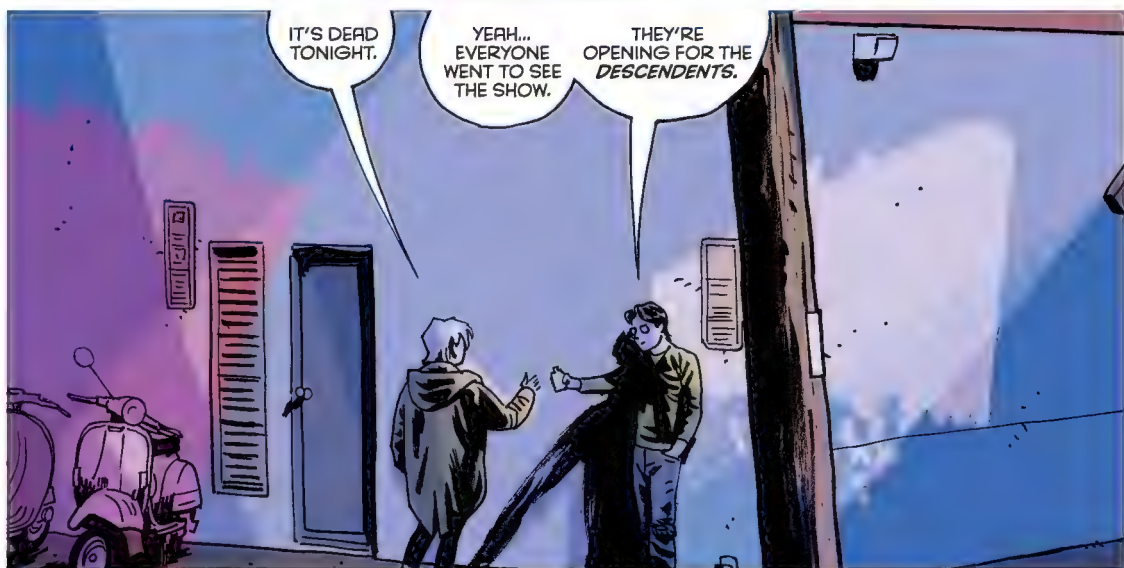
YEAH, I GUESS SO...

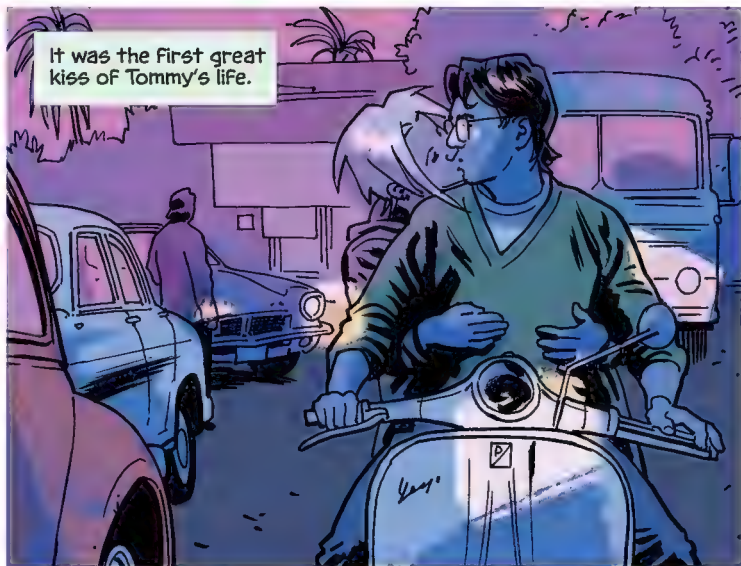
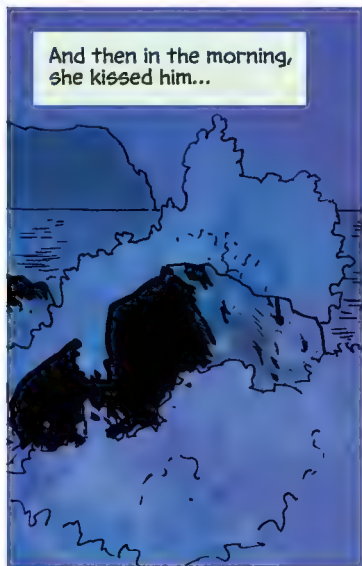
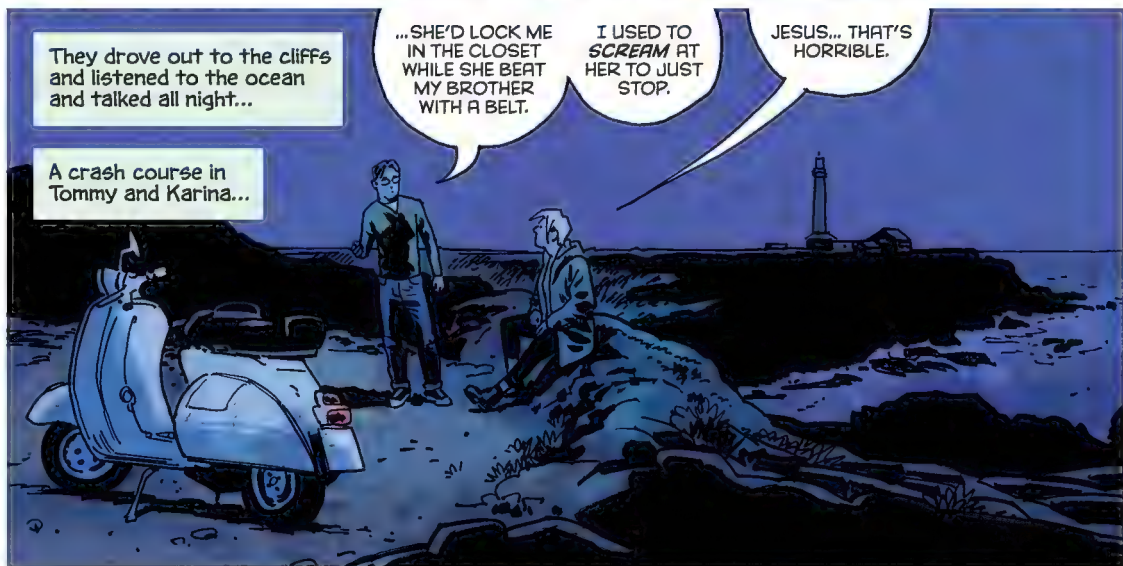
I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT THAT WAY.

I'M TELLING YOU, MAN, SERLING WAS DEEP.

She was the most amazing girl he'd ever spent thirty minutes talking to...









But it meant nothing...
Because she was still Sid's
girlfriend when he got back...

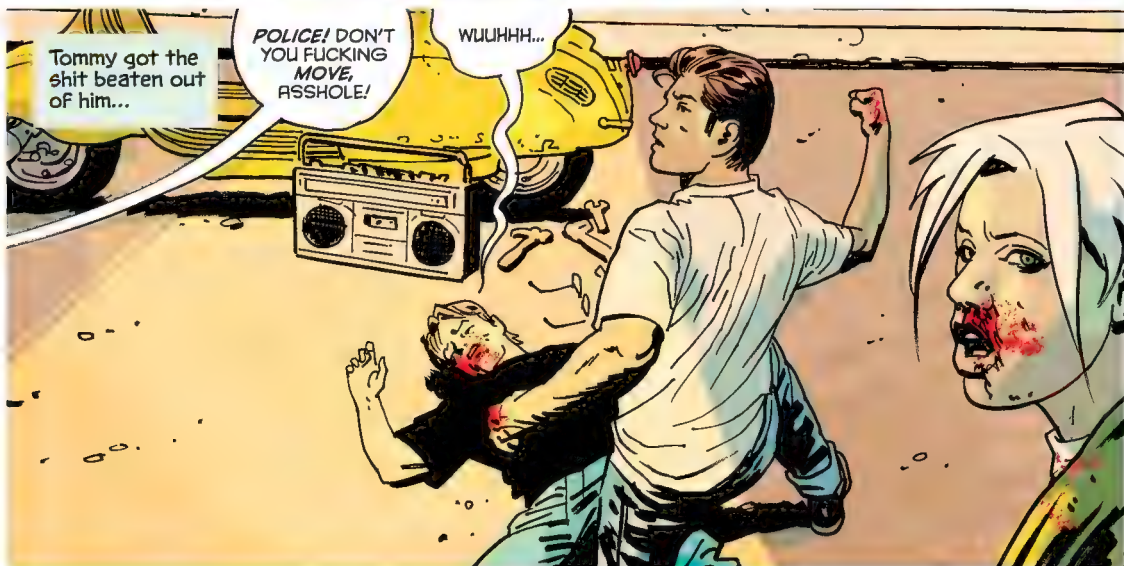
She even pretended
to like his band.

Tommy felt hopeless.
How could she still be
with this jerk?



And then it all changed
that day, at the end
of June...

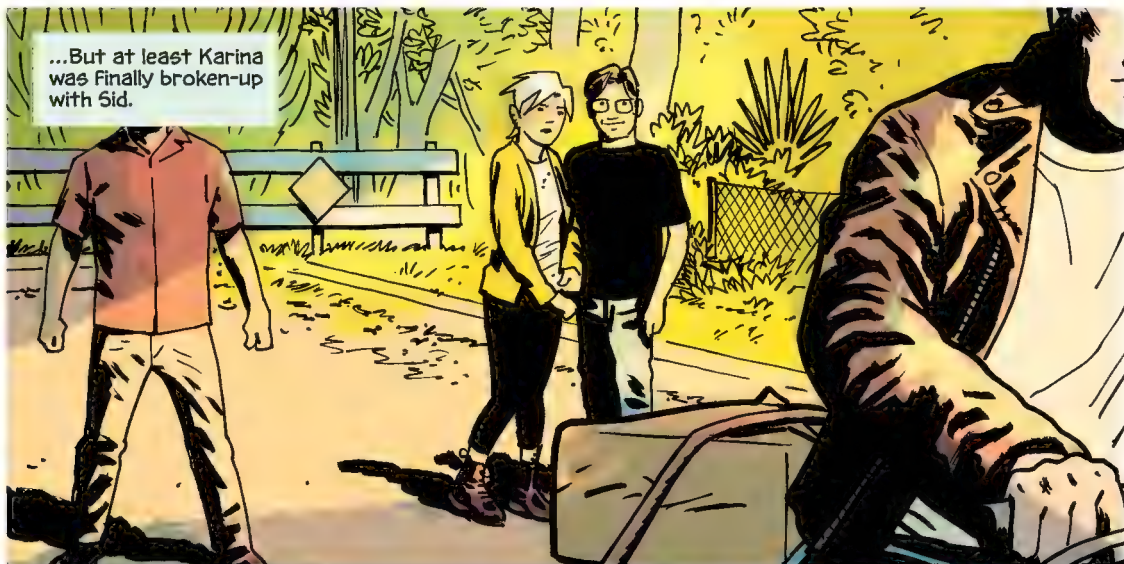
GET THE FUCK
AWAY FROM
HER!

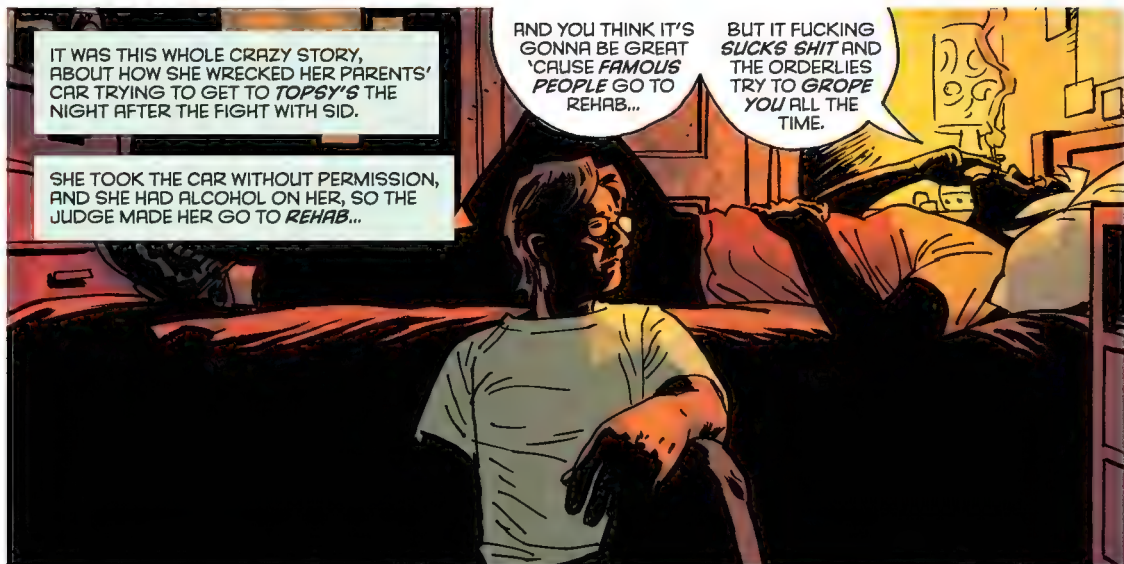


Tommy got the
shit beaten out
of him...

POLICE! DON'T
YOU FUCKING
MOVE,
ASSHOLE!

WUUHHH...





IT WAS THIS WHOLE CRAZY STORY, ABOUT HOW SHE WRECKED HER PARENTS' CAR TRYING TO GET TO *TOPSY'S* THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIGHT WITH SID.

SHE TOOK THE CAR WITHOUT PERMISSION, AND SHE HAD ALCOHOL ON HER, SO THE JUDGE MADE HER GO TO *REHAB*...

AND YOU THINK IT'S GONNA BE GREAT 'CAUSE *FAMOUS* PEOPLE GO TO *REHAB*...

BUT IT FUCKING *SUCKS SHIT* AND THE ORDERLIES TRY TO *GROPE* YOU ALL THE TIME.



SO SHE RAN AWAY... JUMPED THE FENCE AND RAN DOWN THE HILL AND THUMBED A RIDE FROM SOME OLD MAN.

AND WHO HAD SHE COME TO FOR HELP? *ME.*

I HAD NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

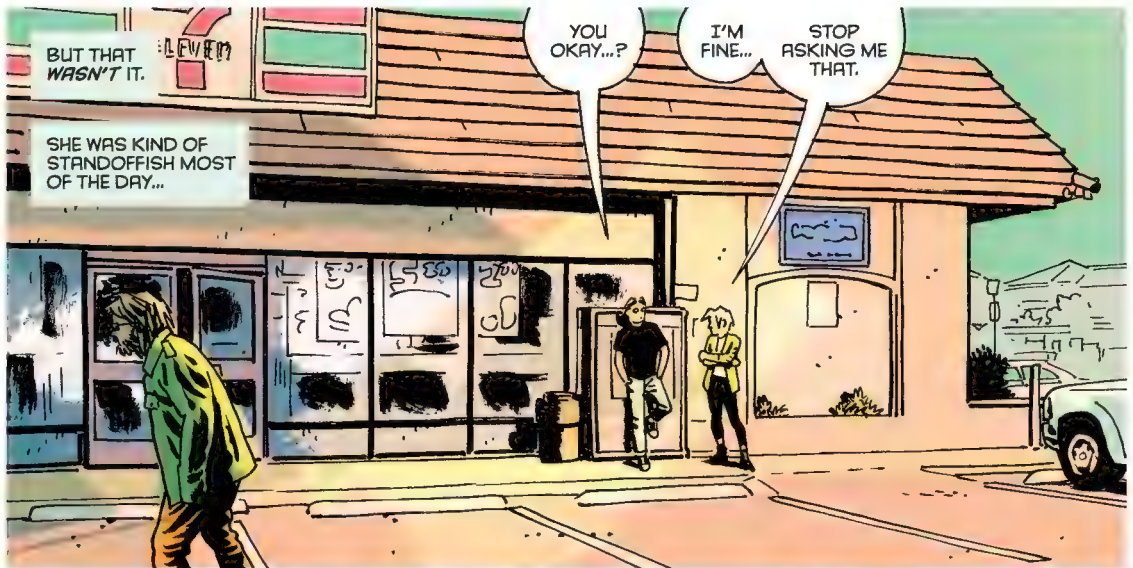


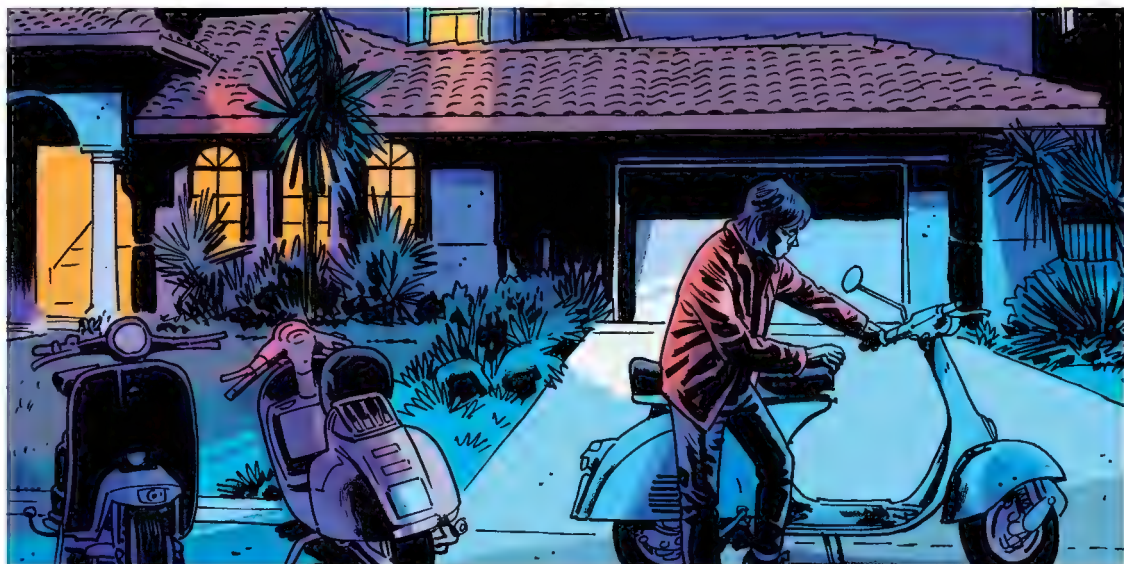
I WOKE UP THE NEXT DAY WITH HER WRAPPED AROUND ME... WITH NO IDEA HOW THAT HAPPENED...

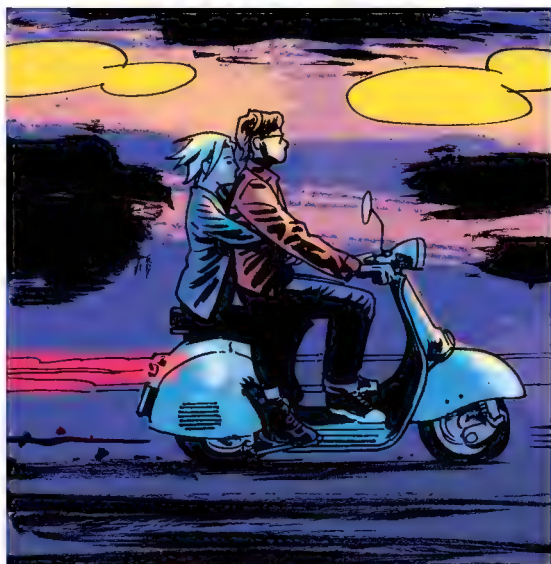


AND I JUST THOUGHT...

THIS IS IT.







IT WAS SO
FUCKED UP.

I THOUGHT I'D FOUND THE PERFECT
GIRL... THE ONE THAT WAS GONNA
SAVE ME FROM EVERYTHING...

THE WAY YOU'RE SO
SURE LOVE WILL, WHEN
YOU'RE YOUNG...

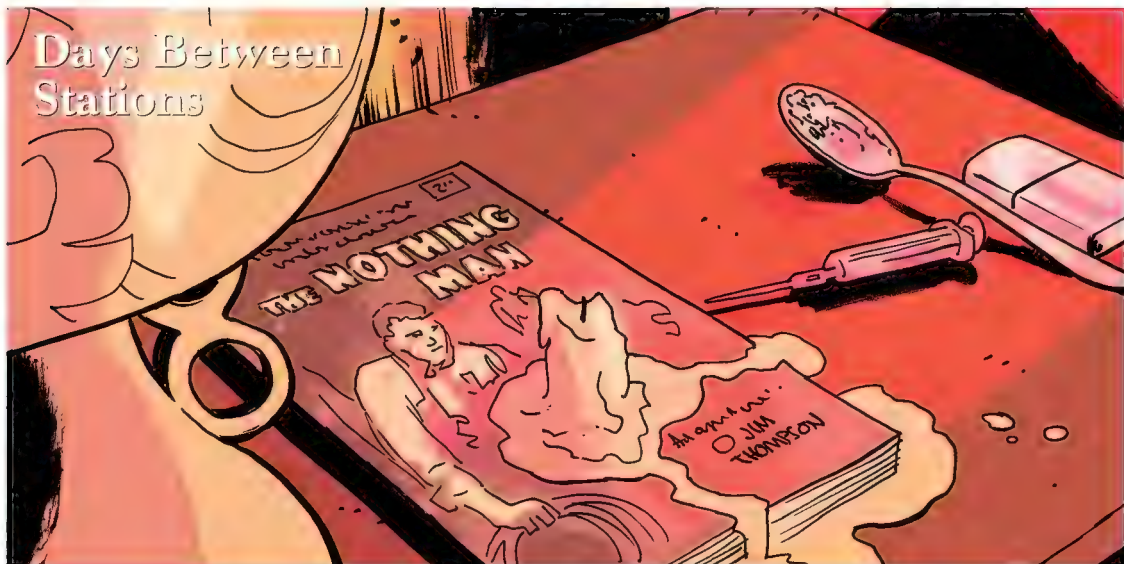


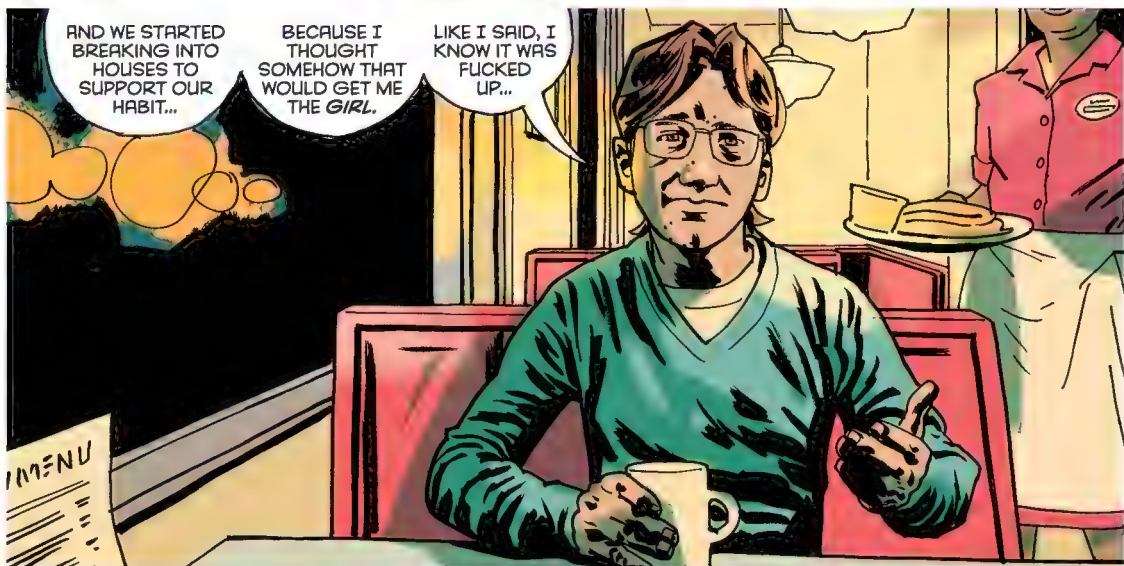
BUT IT WAS ALL
MIXED MESSAGES.

SHE'D ACT LIKE WE WERE
TOGETHER IF ANOTHER
GIRL TALKED TO ME...

AND THEN IGNORE ME TO GO FLIRT
WITH OTHER GUYS, LIKE *OLDER
DUDES* WITH *MUSCLE CARS*...









BUT STILL, I THOUGHT
MAYBE... *MAYBE*... IT WAS
ALL GOING TO WORK OUT...



SOMETIMES I PICTURED
ME AND KARINA
SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY...

HAPPY, AND
NOT HIGH.



BUT THEN THAT
PRIVATE EYE STARTED
SHOWING UP...

WELL... LET ME
KNOW IF YOU WANT
A RIDE IN THE *VAN*
SOMETIME.

SURE,
GRANT...
LET'S DO
IT...

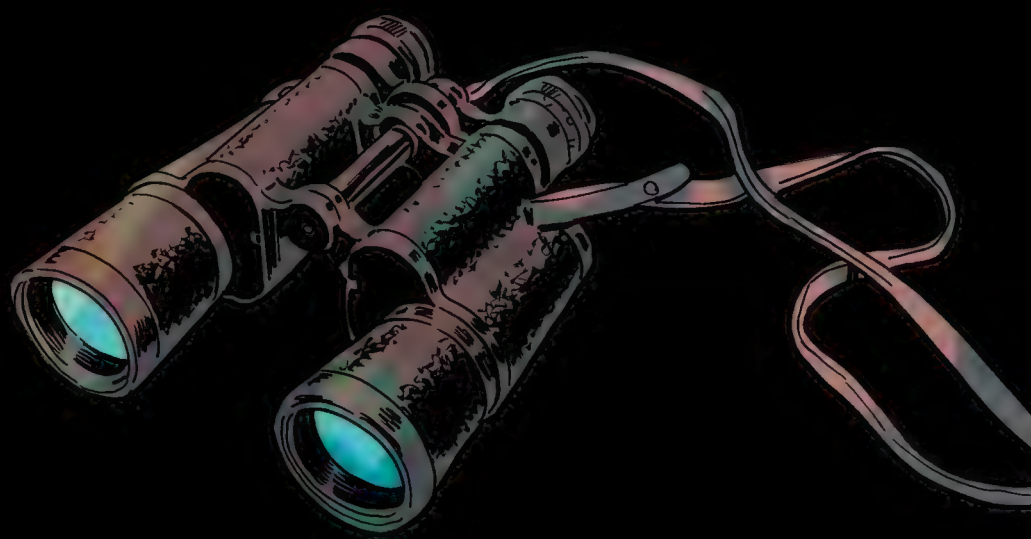
WE CAN TRY TO
GIVE *CANDY* TO
LITTLE KIDS AND
SEE HOW *FAST*
THEY RUN.



AND IT WAS LIKE THE
REAL WORLD WAS
CLOSING IN ON US.

HEY, DON'T BE
GIVIN' AWAY MY
CANDY... I ONLY
JUST *MET*
YOU.



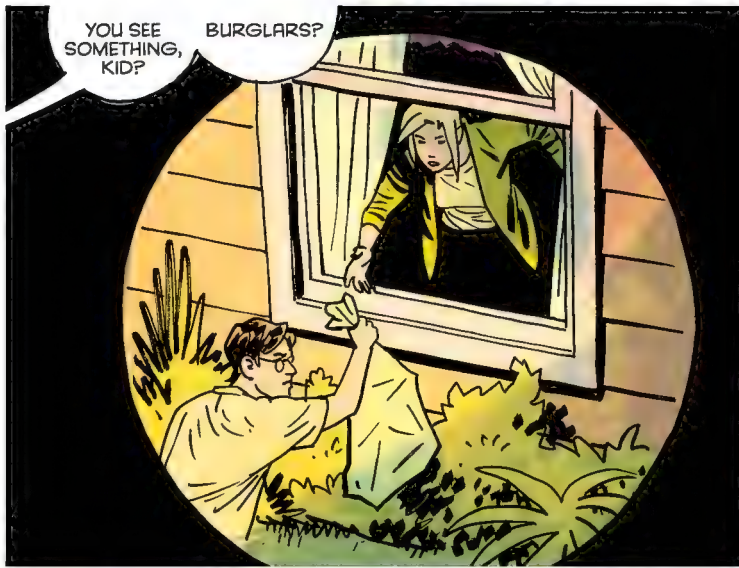


Who Watches the Watchmen?









YOU SEE
SOMETHING,
KID?

BURGLARS?



NO...
NOTHING.

JUST A KID
PLAYING
BALL.



1:55 PM - Case solved.
But I feel sick to my
stomach.

Life behind a mask is just
as hard as Spider-Man
makes it look...

SO IF YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO
CUT LOOSE WITH
THE KUNG FU
ACTION...

THEN WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO
DO WHEN WE
CATCH THESE
GUYS?

I DON'T KNOW...
JUST CALL THE
POLICE.

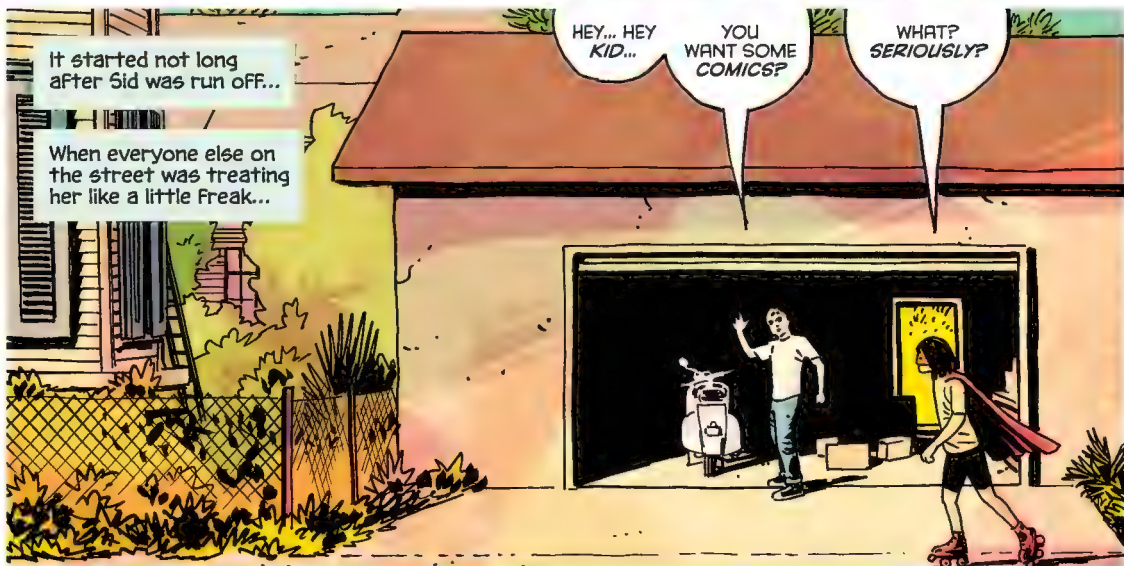


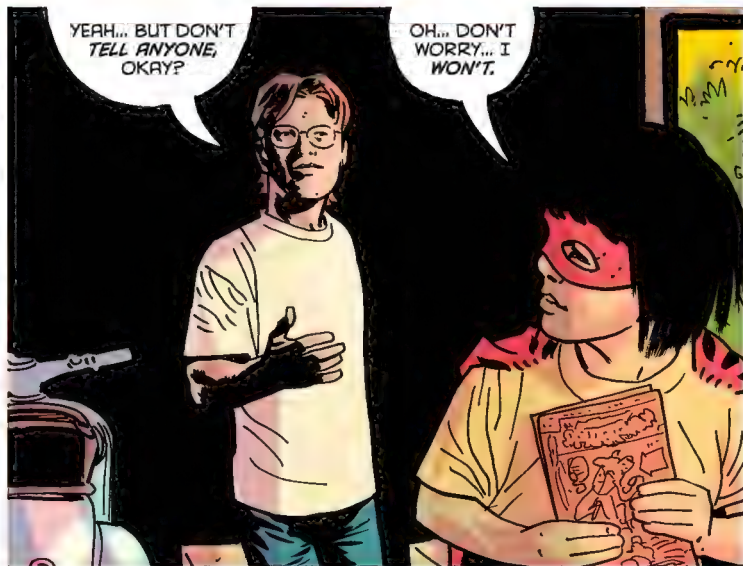
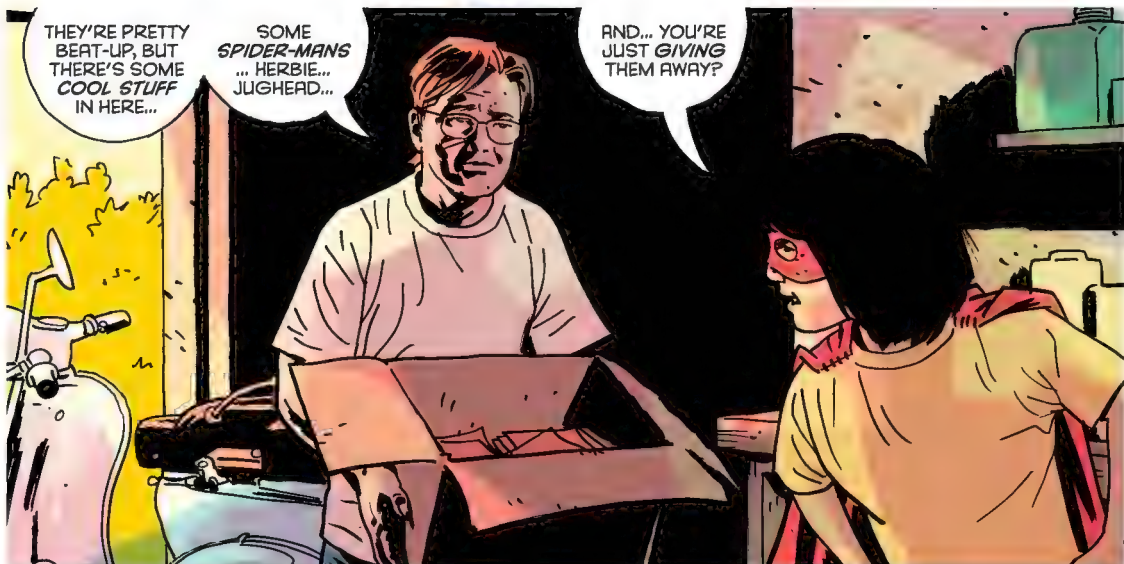
HEY...
YOU OKAY,
KID?

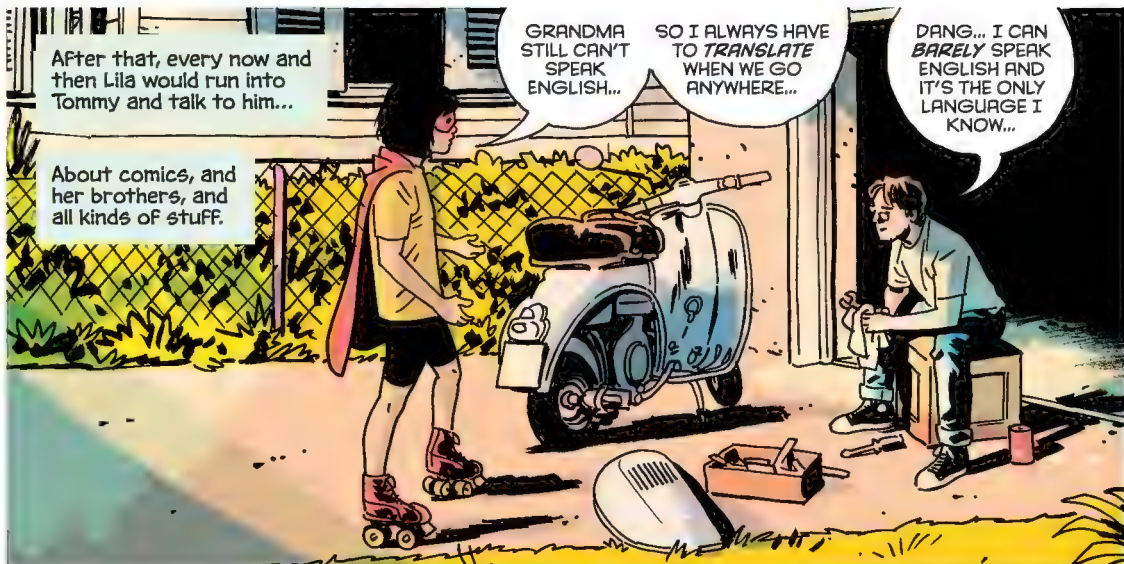


I'M
FINE...

BUT I GOTTA
GO HELP MY
GRANDMA WITH
SOMETHING...







After that, every now and then Lila would run into Tommy and talk to him...

About comics, and her brothers, and all kinds of stuff.

GRANDMA STILL CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH...

SO I ALWAYS HAVE TO *TRANSLATE* WHEN WE GO ANYWHERE...

DANG... I CAN *BARELY* SPEAK ENGLISH AND IT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE I KNOW...



I GUESS HE WAS MY FIRST CRUSH, OUTSIDE OF GUYS ON TV *SHOWS*...

IT WAS TOTALLY INNOCENT, BUT I REMEMBER I GOT *BUTTERFLIES* IN MY STOMACH WHENEVER I TALKED TO HIM.

HE JUST TREATED ME LIKE A PERSON, YOU KNOW? THAT MEANS A LOT.



AND I *KNEW* HE LIVED IN THE BOARDING HOUSE WITH ALL THE *LOSERS*...

BUT I TOLD MYSELF HE WAS *BETTER* THAN THE REST OF THEM...

WHICH OBVIOUSLY WASN'T TRUE.

??



THE THING I REMEMBER **MOST** ABOUT THAT NIGHT IS THAT I WANTED TO SAVE THIS GUY...

LIKE, IF RANKO CAUGHT THEM, HE MIGHT REALLY HURT TOMMY.

HEY LILA...
WHAT'S **UP?**

YOU'RE OUT
LATE.



I KNOW THAT IT'S
YOU BREAKING
INTO THE
HOUSES...



WHAT...?

YOU HAVE TO
STOP... I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
GET IN
TROUBLE...



...BUT IF YOU DO
IT **AGAIN**, I'M
GONNA TELL
THE POLICE.



AHH...
FUCK...
KID...

I'M
SORRY...

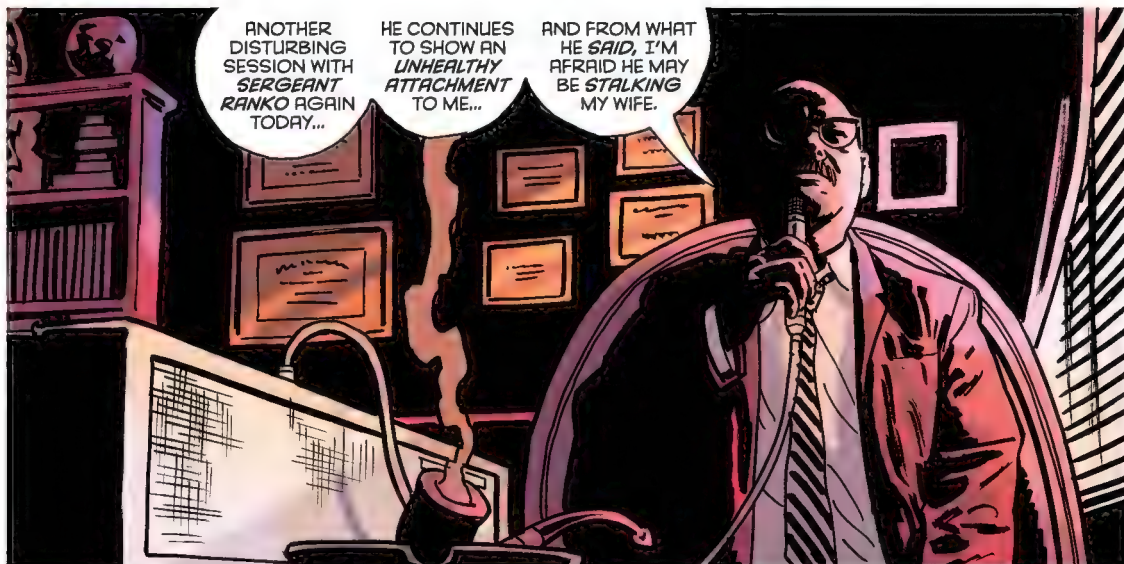
JUST
STOP IT...
OKAY?

YOU SHOULDN'T
STEAL FROM
PEOPLE.









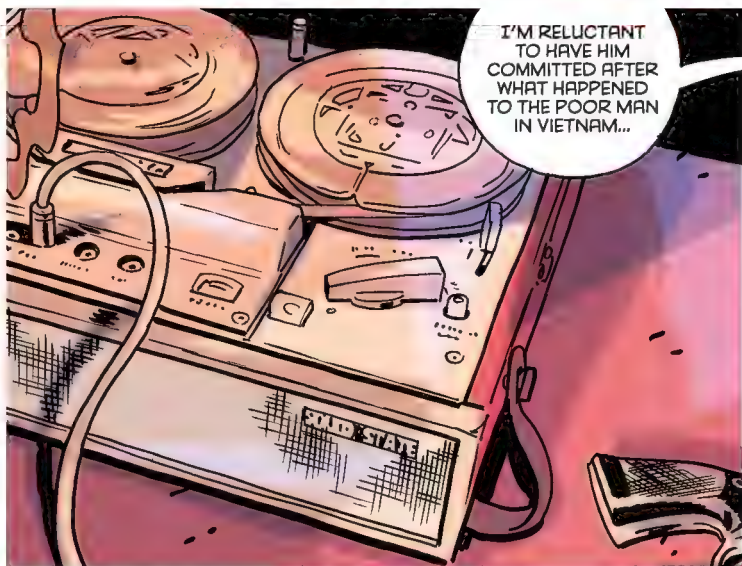
ANOTHER
DISTURBING
SESSION WITH
**SERGEANT
RANKO** AGAIN
TODAY...

HE CONTINUES
TO SHOW AN
**UNHEALTHY
ATTACHMENT**
TO ME...

AND FROM WHAT
HE **SAID**, I'M
AFRAID HE MAY
BE **STALKING**
MY WIFE.



I'VE SWITCHED
HIM TO AN
ANTI-PSYCHOTIC
SO WE'LL SEE IF
THAT HAS ANY
EFFECT.



I'M RELUCTANT
TO HAVE HIM
COMMITTED AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE POOR MAN
IN VIETNAM...



BUT **RANKO** IS A **VERY
DANGEROUS** MAN,
SO I'LL CONTINUE
TO MONITOR HIM
CLOSELY...

IT'S **POSSIBLE**
THE **AUTHORITIES**
WILL NEED TO BE
CALLED...



BUT I **HOPE** IT
DOESN'T COME
TO THAT.

The Walls Closing In



The private eye was back and Palmer didn't like that at all.



He'd been caught off guard by him last week, and he could tell the guy was suspicious about him...

SO WHAT
PRECINCT
ARE YOU
OUT OF?

I KNOW
SOME GUYS
DOWNTOWN.

YEAH, I'M
SURE YOU
DO...





BUT LIKE I SAID,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
THIS GIRL...



...AND I'M IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
GAME.

YEAH, SURE...
THANKS,
DETECTIVE.



This was all he needed, some
fucking wanna-be cop sitting
down the street on stakeout...



WE'RE
GONNA HAVE
TO COOL IT
FOR A LITTLE
BIT.

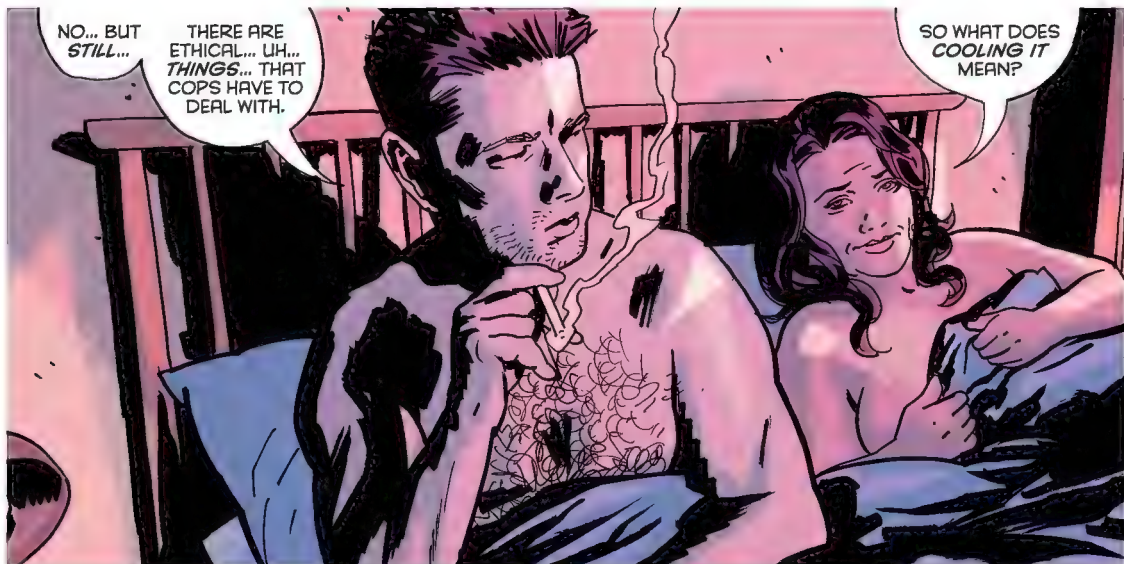
WHAT...
WHY?

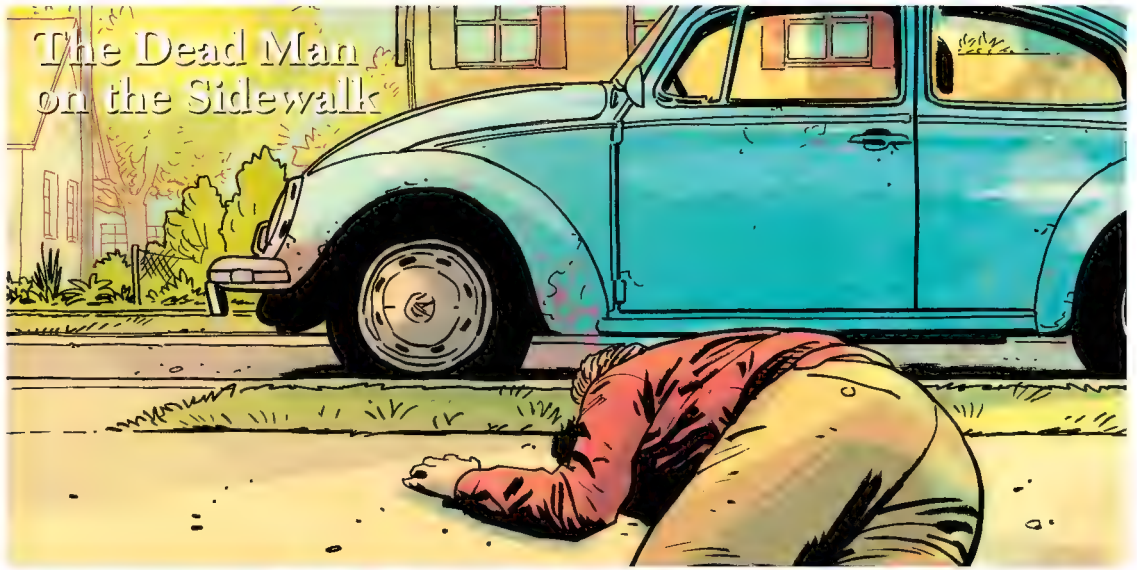


WE'RE GONNA
GET CAUGHT...
AND THAT COULD
FUCK UP BOTH
OUR LIVES...

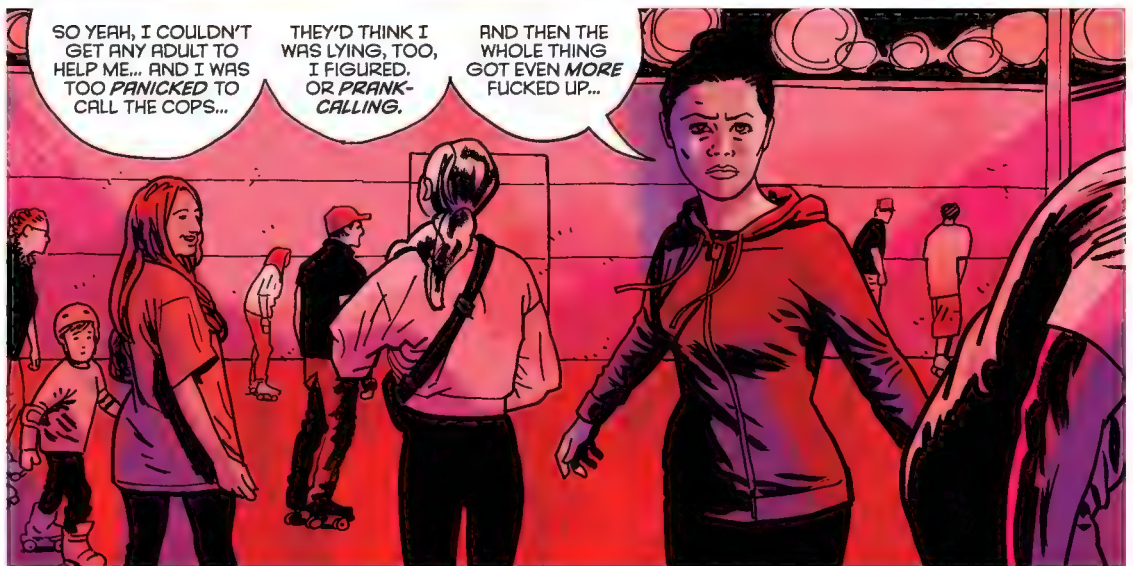
ALL I NEED IS YOUR
HUSBAND GOIN'
TO MY CAPTAIN TO
SAY I *STOLE* HIS
WIFE...

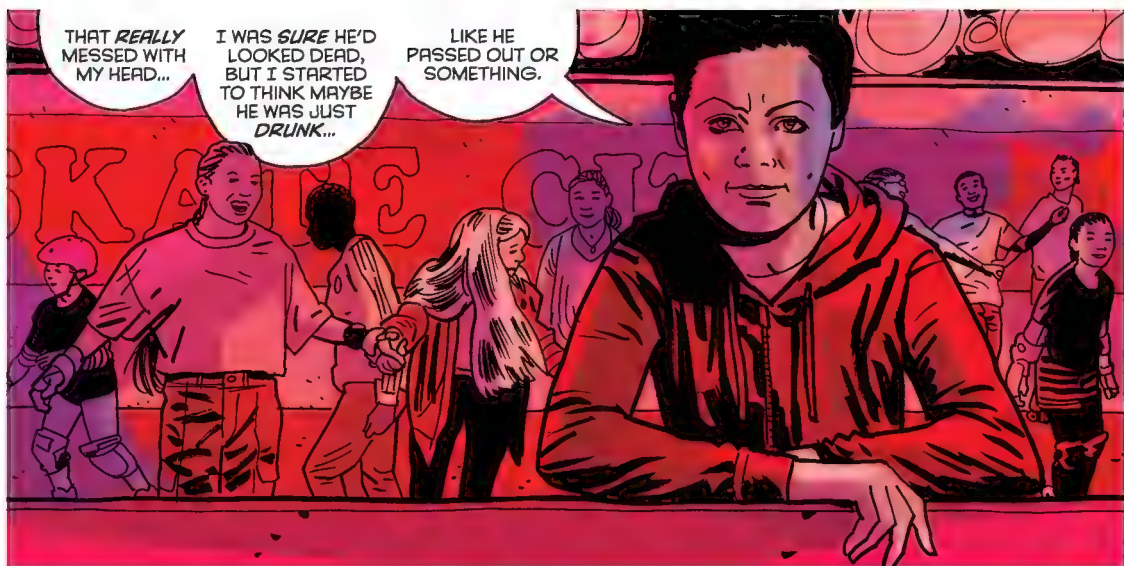
WE'RE NOT
BREAKING
THE *LAW*,
ARE WE?



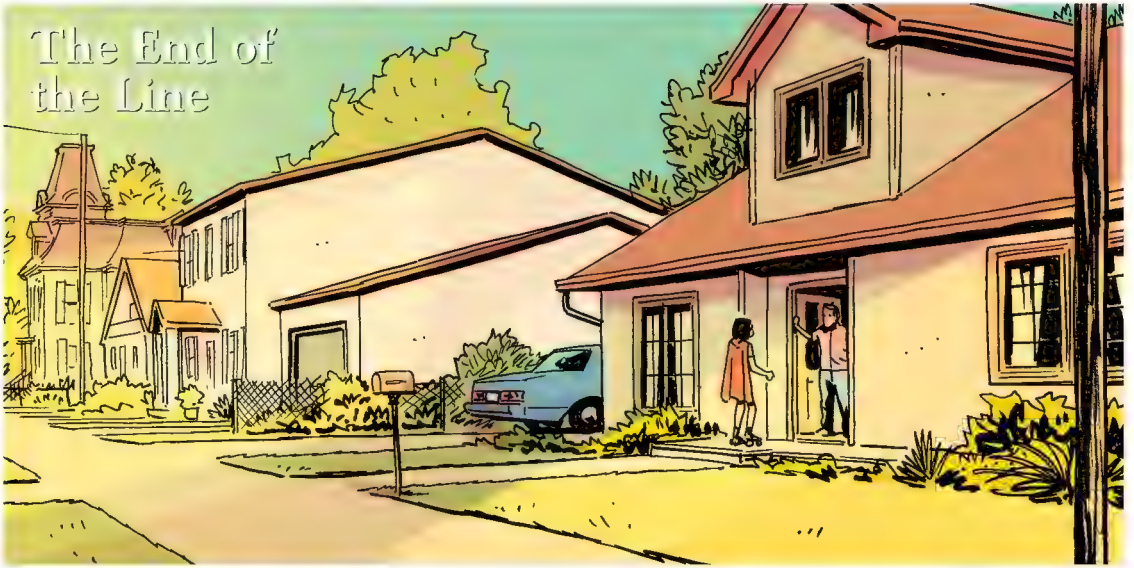


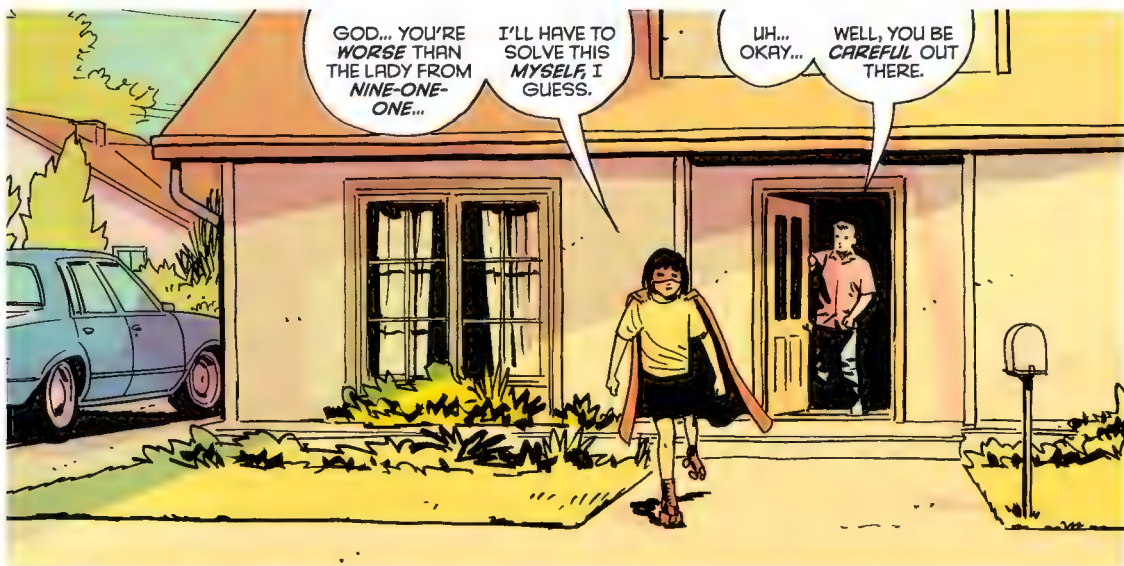


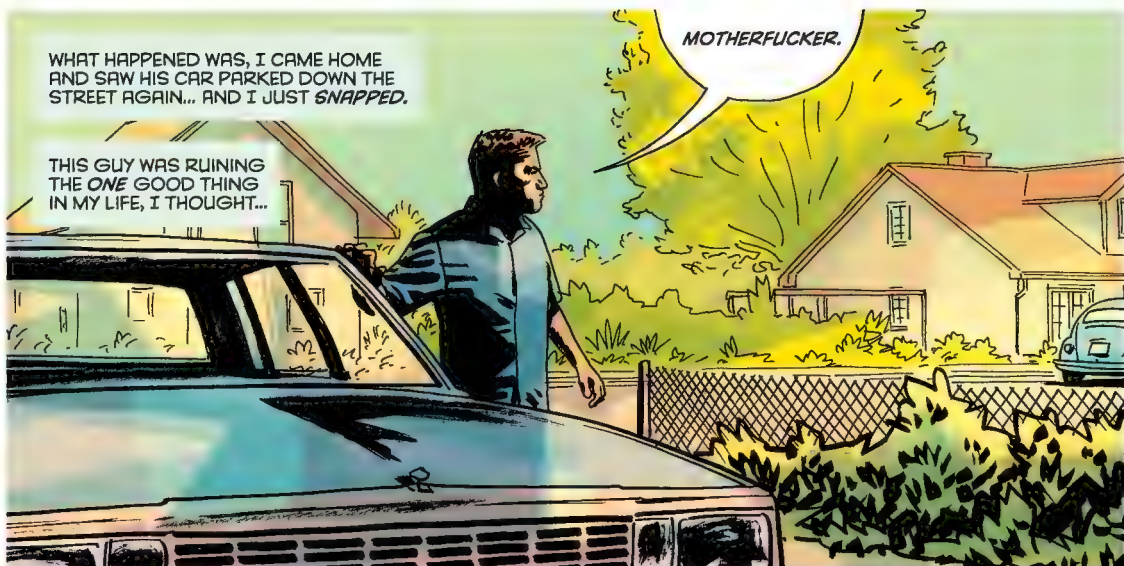




The End of the Line







WHAT HAPPENED WAS, I CAME HOME AND SAW HIS CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET AGAIN... AND I JUST *SNAPPED*.

THIS GUY WAS RUINING THE *ONE* GOOD THING IN MY LIFE, I THOUGHT...

MOTHERFUCKER.



SO I WAS GOING TO TRY TO SCARE HIM OFF... *SOMEHOW*...

I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE A PLAN...



BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER, 'CAUSE HE WAS JUST LYING THERE, DEAD.



AND FOR A SECOND, I WAS LIKE "OH GOD, I GOTTA CALL THE COPS." LIKE *INSTINCT*, RIGHT?



BUT THEN *REALITY* HIT ME... A DEAD GUY ON THE STREET IS *MUCH WORSE* THAN A PRIVATE EYE POKING AROUND.



THERE'D BE **POLICE** KNOCKING ON EVERY DOOR, ASKING QUESTIONS...

SOMEONE WOULD SAY ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS WAS A COP TOO...

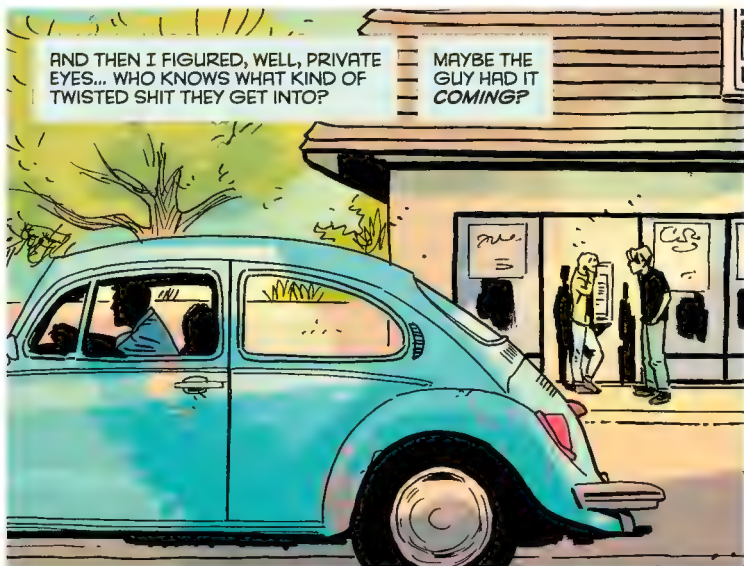
AND BY DINNERTIME I'D BE FOUND OUT.



THE WAY I SAW IT, I HAD NO CHOICE.



IT DIDN'T EVEN OCCUR TO ME THAT I WAS SORT OF **COVERING UP** A MURDER... NOT UNTIL LATER.



AND THEN I FIGURED, WELL, PRIVATE EYES... WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF TWISTED SHIT THEY GET INTO?

MAYBE THE GUY HAD IT **COMING?**



EXCUSES EXCUSES, I KNOW...

BUT THAT'S HOW I RATIONALIZED IT.



AND I ACTUALLY FELT *GREAT*
AT FIRST... LIKE I'D GOTTEN
A SECOND CHANCE...

I WAS GOING TO
BE MORE CAREFUL
FROM NOW ON...

START FINDING A WAY
OUT OF THIS TRAP I'D
PUT MYSELF IN...



BUT IT TURNED OUT ALL
I DID WAS BUY MYSELF
THREE MORE DAYS.



THAT KID WASN'T GONNA GIVE UP,
I COULD TELL FROM THE WAY SHE
LOOKED AT ME...



SO THIS WAS *IT*...
I HAD TO RUN.

HEY...? WHAT'S
GOING ON?

WE NEED TO
TALK...

CAN WE GO
INSIDE?



HERE'S THE FUNNY
THING... OR I
GUESS MAYBE
NOT *THAT*
FUNNY...

BUT I DECIDED
I WAS GONNA
TELL TONI *THE*
TRUTH...

CONFESS IT ALL
AND ASK HER
TO RUN AWAY
WITH ME...

LIKE SOME BIG
ROMANTIC
GESTURE.



BUT I
COULDN'T
DO IT...

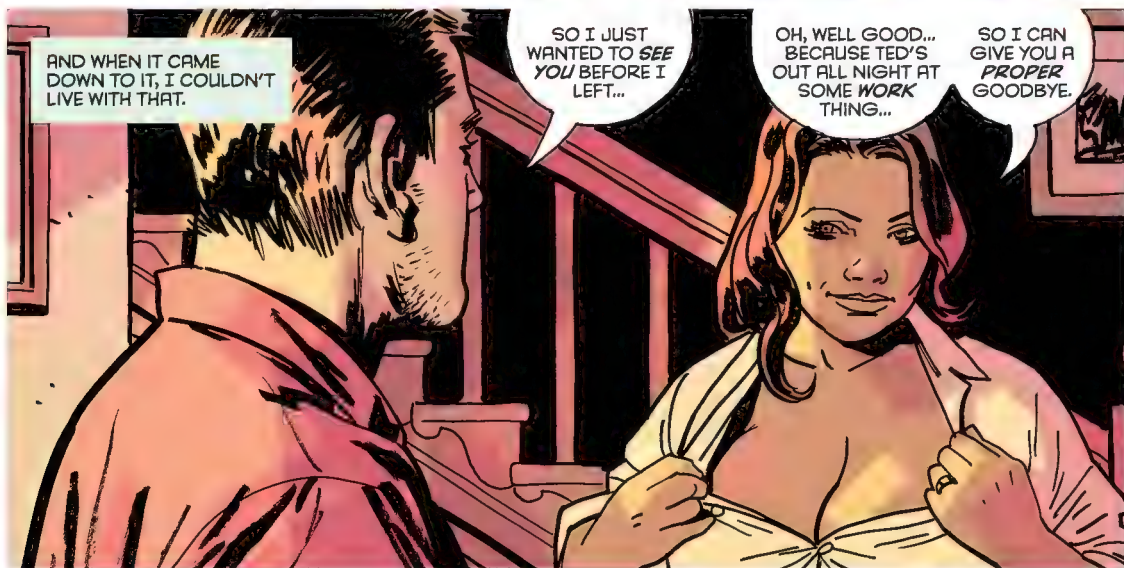
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

NO...
NOTHING...
I... UM...



I JUST KNEW ONCE I TOLD
HER, SHE'D NEVER LOOK AT
ME THE SAME WAY AGAIN...

I GOTTA LEAVE
TOWN FOR A
WHILE... A *POLICE*
CONFERENCE UP
NORTH...



AND WHEN IT CAME
DOWN TO IT, I COULDN'T
LIVE WITH THAT.

SO I JUST
WANTED TO *SEE*
YOU BEFORE I
LEFT...

OH, WELL GOOD...
BECAUSE TED'S
OUT ALL NIGHT AT
SOME *WORK*
THING...

SO I CAN
GIVE YOU A
PROPER
GOODBYE.



A Harmonic Convergence of Bad Timing

...OH JESUS
FUCKING CHRIST
YES...



And so Palmer and Toni
fell into one final moment
of passion, only one of
them knowing it was the
last time...



And neither of them
knowing they weren't
alone in the house.

WHAT DO WE
DO...?



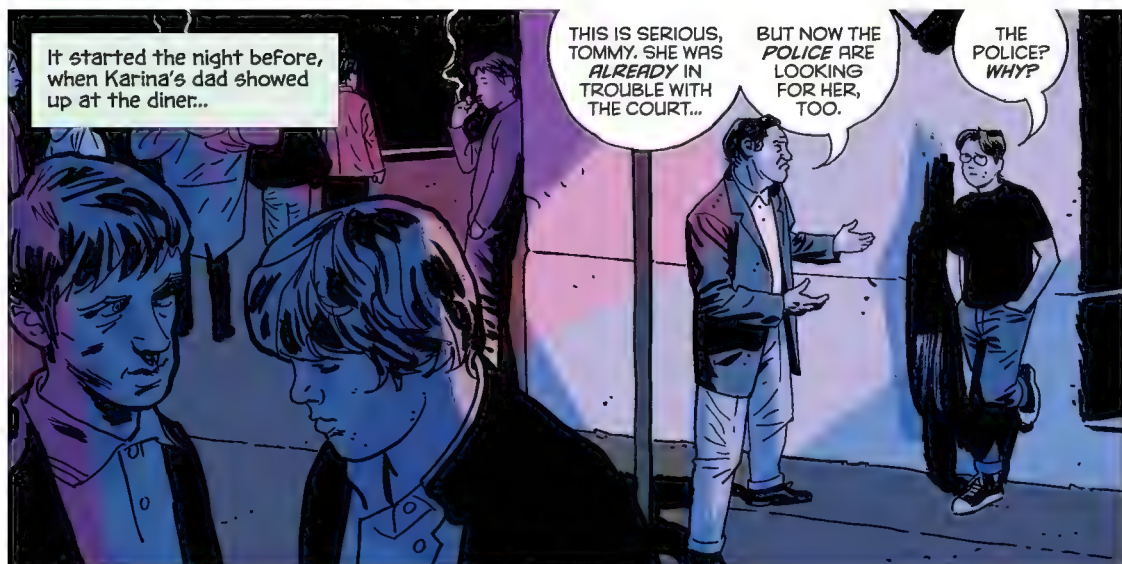
I DON'T
KNOW... BUT
DON'T
MOVE...

I THINK THE
GUY IS THAT
COP...



OH FUCK... IT
IS HIM...

And how had Tommy and
Karina ended up hiding in
Toni Melville's closet?



It started the night before, when Karina's dad showed up at the diner...

THIS IS SERIOUS, TOMMY. SHE WAS *ALREADY* IN TROUBLE WITH THE COURT...

BUT NOW THE *POLICE* ARE LOOKING FOR HER, TOO.

THE POLICE? *WHY?*



THAT *INVESTIGATOR* WE HIRED WAS *MURDERED*...

THEY WANT TO *QUESTION* HER ABOUT IT.



WHOA... YOU CAN'T THINK THAT KARINA WOULD *KILL* SOMEBODY?

SHE STOLE ALL HER MOTHER'S *JEWELRY* TO BUY DRUGS...

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* SHE'D DO ANYMORE.



JUST TELL HER TO COME HOME... WE WANT TO HELP HER.

PLEASE, TOMMY... I'M BEGGING YOU.



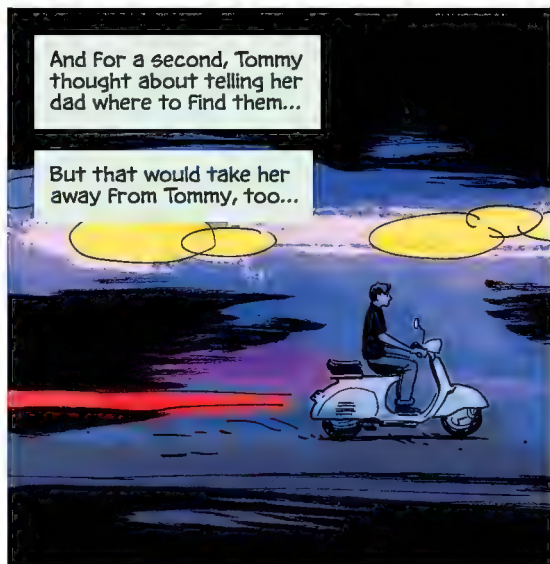
I'LL *TRY*... OKAY?

BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE *IS* RIGHT NOW, I SWEAR...



That was a lie. Karina was out with Grant, From the third floor.

In his van. Again.



And for a second, Tommy thought about telling her dad where to find them...

But that would take her away from Tommy, too...



So his drug-addled brain came up with another idea instead...

LOOK, LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE... JUST GET ON MY SCOOTER AND GO...

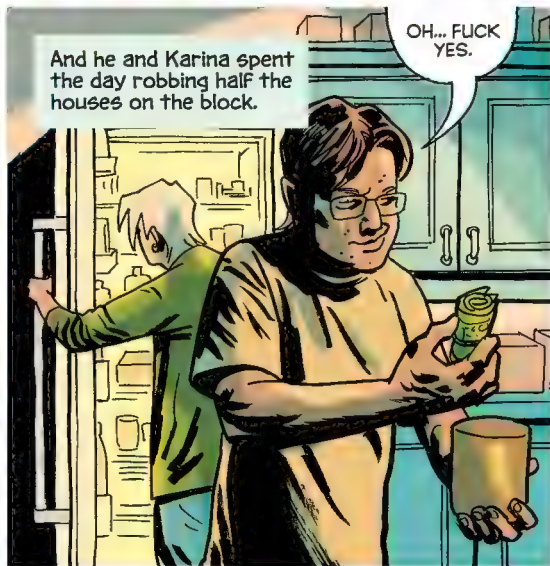
THE COPS WON'T BE LOOKING FOR YOU IN SAN FRANCISCO.

YEAH... FUCK IT... WHY NOT?

LET'S GET OUT OF THIS SHIT TOWN.



But they needed money to leave town, so Tommy broke his promise to Lila...



And he and Karina spent the day robbing half the houses on the block.

OH... FUCK YES.



They were up about *twelve hundred dollars* when they got to the Melvilles' place...

WAIT... DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?

SOMEONE JUST CAME HOME.



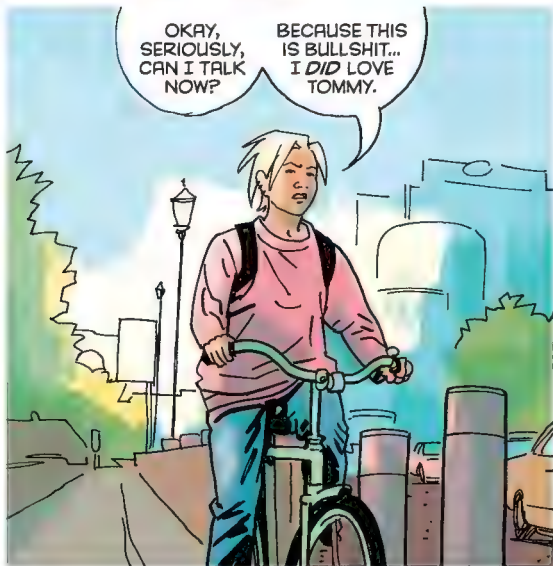
WE HAD ENOUGH MONEY *ALREADY* BUT I WAS TRYING TO SHOW OFF...

SO KARINA WOULD SEE ME AS THIS HERO, SAVING HER... WHISKING HER AWAY TO SOME NEW LIFE...



AND NOW I JUST THINK... WHAT AN *IDIOT*, RIGHT?

SO DESPERATE FOR THIS GIRL'S LOVE THAT I GOT US TRAPPED IN A CLOSET.



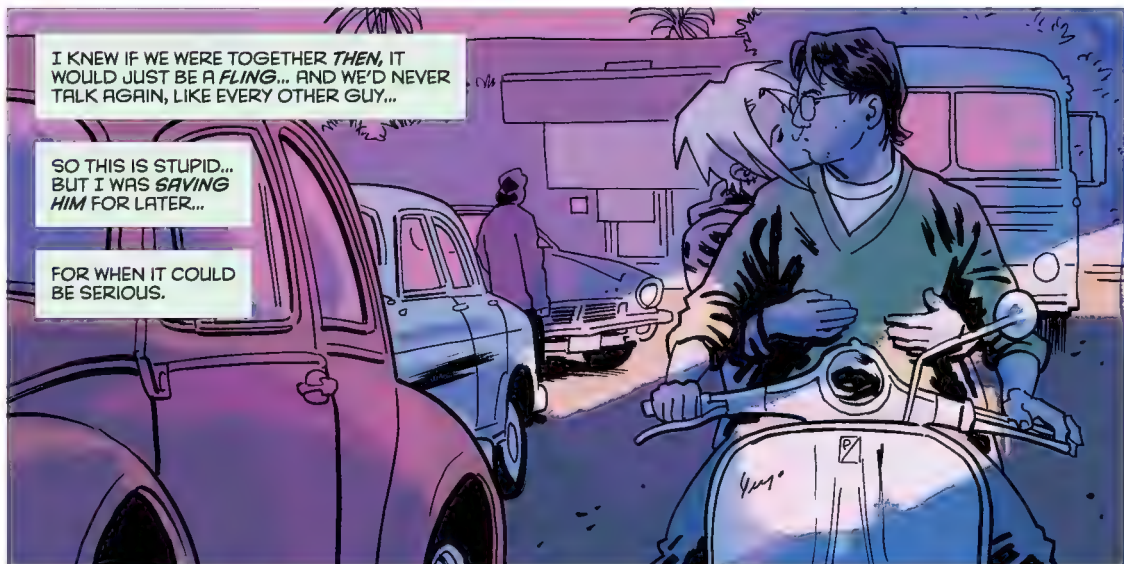
OKAY, SERIOUSLY, CAN I TALK NOW?

BECAUSE THIS IS BULLSHIT... I *DID* LOVE TOMMY.



IT'S JUST... I WAS YOUNG AND *DAMAGED*...

AND I WANTED TO *RUN WILD* FOR A WHILE.



I KNEW IF WE WERE TOGETHER *THEN*, IT WOULD JUST BE A *FLING*... AND WE'D NEVER TALK AGAIN, LIKE EVERY OTHER GUY...

SO THIS IS STUPID... BUT I WAS *SAVING HIM* FOR LATER...

FOR WHEN IT COULD BE SERIOUS.



WHEN I WAS DONE WITH ALL MY WILD OATS...



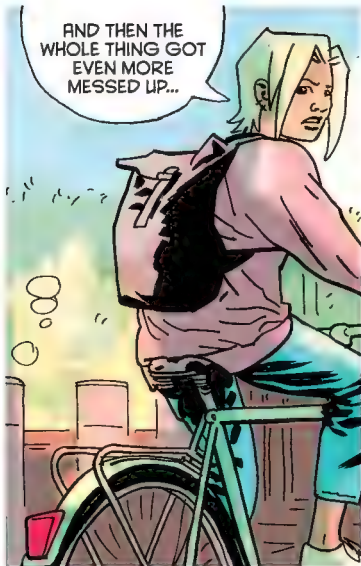
LIKE I SAID, IT WAS STUPID, AND I WAS DAMAGED...



BUT I DID *LOVE* THAT BOY, ESPECIALLY RIGHT AT THAT MOMENT, HIDING IN THAT CLOSET...



TERRIFIED WE WERE ABOUT TO GO TO JAIL.



AND THEN THE WHOLE THING GOT EVEN MORE MESSED UP...



MRS MELVILLE AND HER BOYFRIEND WERE GOING AT IT, ALL HOT AND HEAVY...

...WHAT... TED...?



AND SUDDENLY **SOMEBODY ELSE** WAS THERE...

HER HUSBAND, I LATER FOUND OUT...

TED... WHAT ARE YOU...?

HEY... YOU DON'T WANNA DO THIS...

SHUT UP, MORON.



TED, STOP... THIS IS **CRAZY...**

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO **SHOOT ANYONE.**



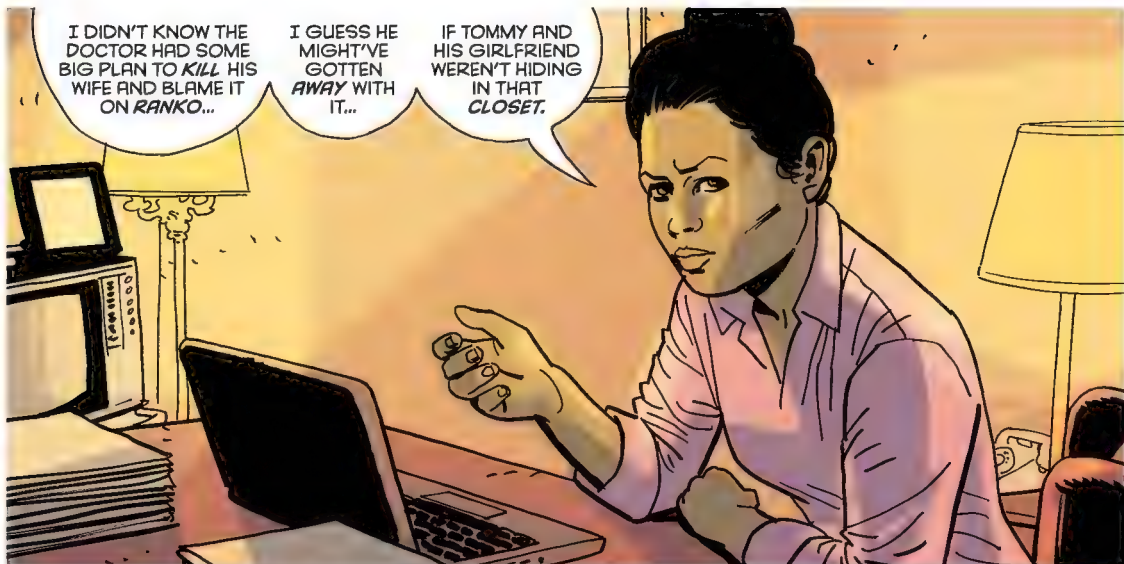
OH... YOU DON'T THINK SO?







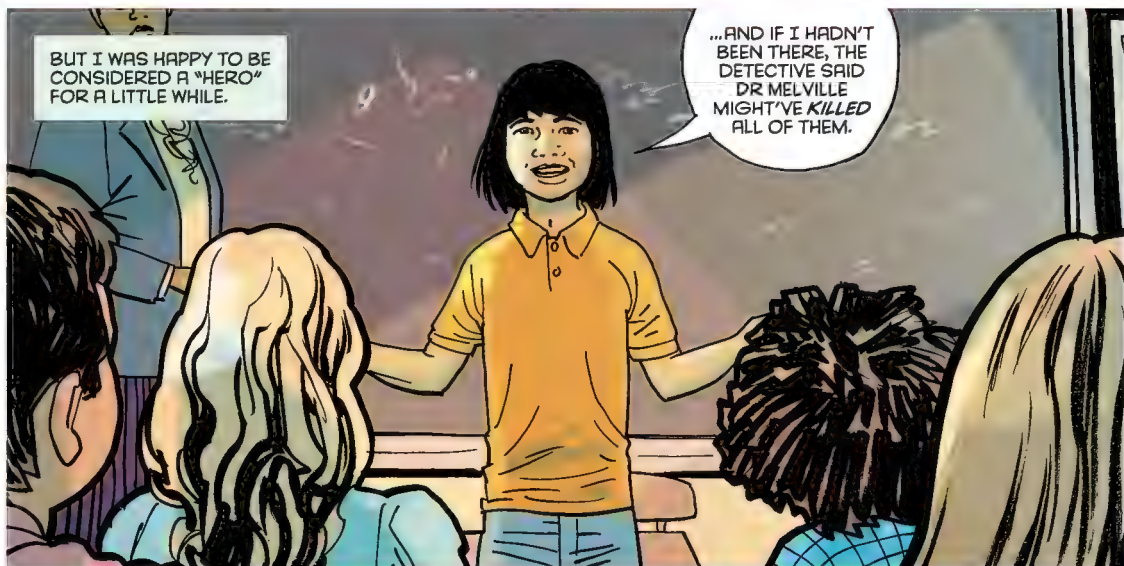




I DIDN'T KNOW THE DOCTOR HAD SOME BIG PLAN TO **KILL** HIS WIFE AND BLAME IT ON **RANKO**...

I GUESS HE MIGHT'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT...

IF TOMMY AND HIS GIRLFRIEND WEREN'T HIDING IN THAT CLOSET.



BUT I WAS HAPPY TO BE CONSIDERED A "HERO" FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

...AND IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE, THE DETECTIVE SAID DR MELVILLE MIGHT'VE **KILLED** ALL OF THEM.



SURE, THE OLDER KIDS TEASED ME ABOUT MY PICTURE IN THE PAPER...

BUT BEFORE THAT THEY TEASED ME ABOUT BEING VIETNAMESE... SO IT DIDN'T BUG ME *THAT* MUCH...

LOOK OUT, GUYS, THE **SUPERHERO'S** COMING!

YEAH, WHERE'S YOUR **CAPE**, NERD?



Attachment Theory



Sergeant Ranko spent two years in a mental hospital before he was moved to a halfway house...

And later his sister took him in.



Doctor Melville had freely confessed his plot, once it had all gone wrong.

He'd been altering his reports on Ranko for months, and changing his meds to make him more unstable...

So he'd be the perfect *Fall guy* for the murder of the Doctor's wife.

NO, HE'S NOT PSYCHOTIC...

THE MAN JUST NEEDS SOME HELP.

Too perfect, as it turned out...
Because Ranko had been outside
the Melvilles' house that day...

Thinking about beating the shit
out of that *bastard cop* in
there fucking the Doctor's wife...



Poor Dr Melville, he
was thinking... When
the *gunfire* started.

BLAAM

OH FUCK!



I DIDN'T
KNOW *WHAT*
WAS GOIN'
ON...

I RUSHED
INTO THAT HOUSE
IN A BLIND
PANIC...



BUT THEN I SAW THE
DOC HOLDIN' THAT GUN,
WITH THIS "UH OH" LOOK
ON HIS FACE...

RANKO...?



AND I JUST KNEW
HE WAS THE BAD
GUY THERE...

RANKO!
WAIT -
NO!







What Was He Thinking?



No one knew why Dr Melville decided to kill his wife, and he refused to explain it...

The prosecutor said it was so he wouldn't have to sell his house in a divorce...

AND SO THE PEOPLE ASK FOR THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE ALLOWED, YOUR HONOR...



But the Doctor himself said only this...

THERE WAS NO *EMOTION* INVOLVED IN MY DECISION...

ON THAT POINT, I BELIEVE I'M ALONE IN THIS STORY.



Dr Melville got a staph infection in prison a year later and died...

Never revealing any more than that.

After the
Loving



Somehow during all the chaos
with the police and paramedics,
Palmer had slipped away, never
to be seen again...

Or at least,
not by Toni.



I FELT
WHIPLASHED...
YOU KNOW?

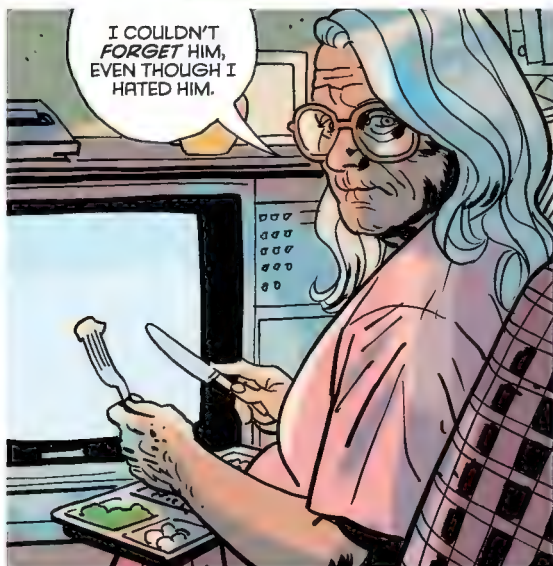
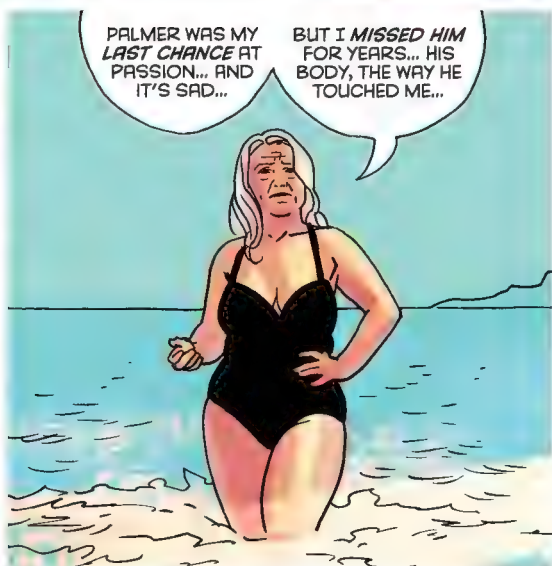
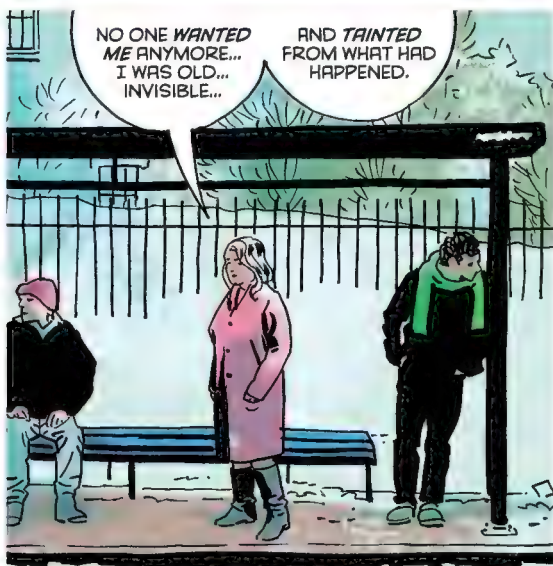
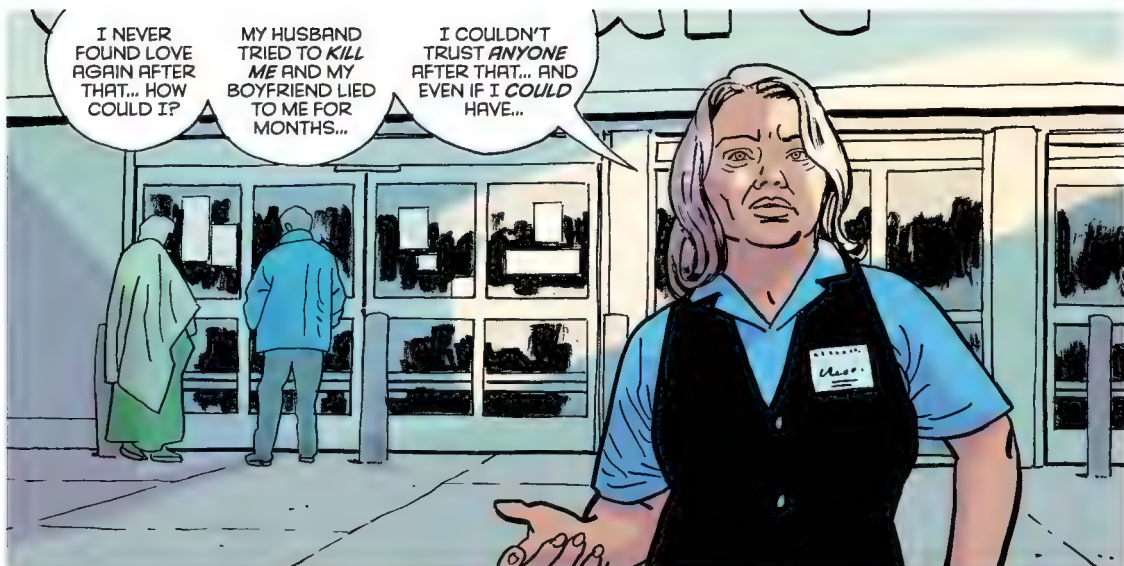
FIRST TALKING TO
ALL THESE COPS AND
REALIZING WE REALLY
ALMOST GOT
MURDERED...



THEN TO FIND OUT
THAT PALMER WAS
JUST GONE... THAT
EVERYTHING HE'D
TOLD ME WAS
A LIE...

OBVIOUSLY MY
WHOLE WORLD
FELL APART.







Palmer never forgot Toni, either, though there were more like her, over the years.

He drifted around Northern California, living in trailer parks and working odd jobs, using a fake name.



And when he died in 2015 from a heart attack, the same age as his father...



His neighbors were shocked to learn he had never been a part of any police force...

BUT THAT DUDE WAS LIKE THE SHERIFF OF THE TRAILER PARK, MAN...

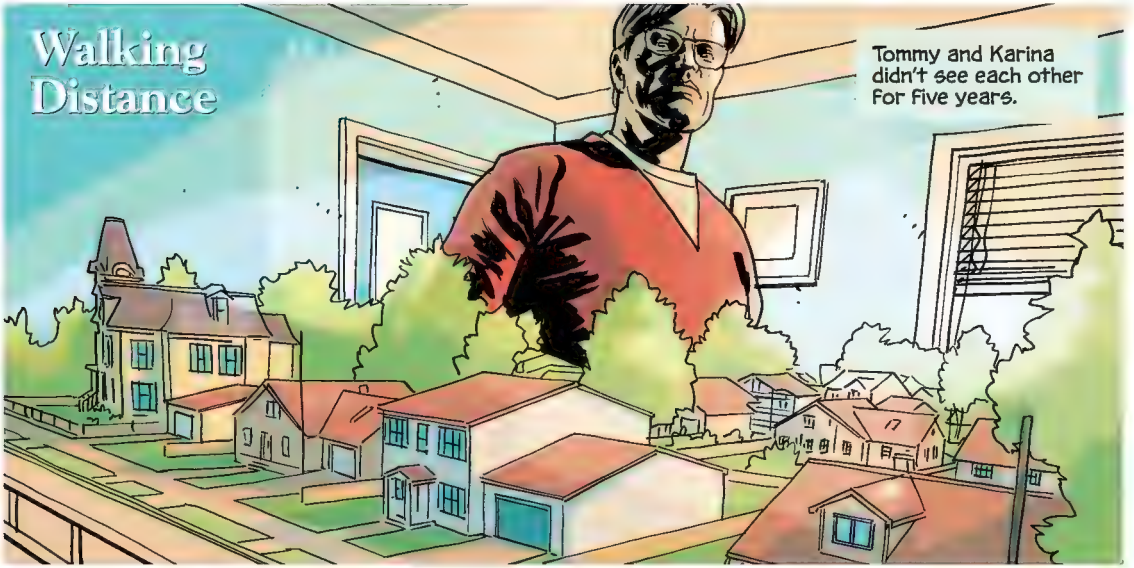


ALWAYS WHIPPIN' OUT THAT **BADGE**, ORDERIN' FOLKS AROUND...

NEVER LET US **SKATEBOARD** OR PLAY MUSIC OR NOTHIN'...

NO WAY HE WASN'T A **COP**.

Walking Distance



Tommy and Karina didn't see each other for five years.



He was in recovery from the shooting... Then rehab and probation...



While she was sent to live with family in Vermont, to give her a new start, away from trouble.



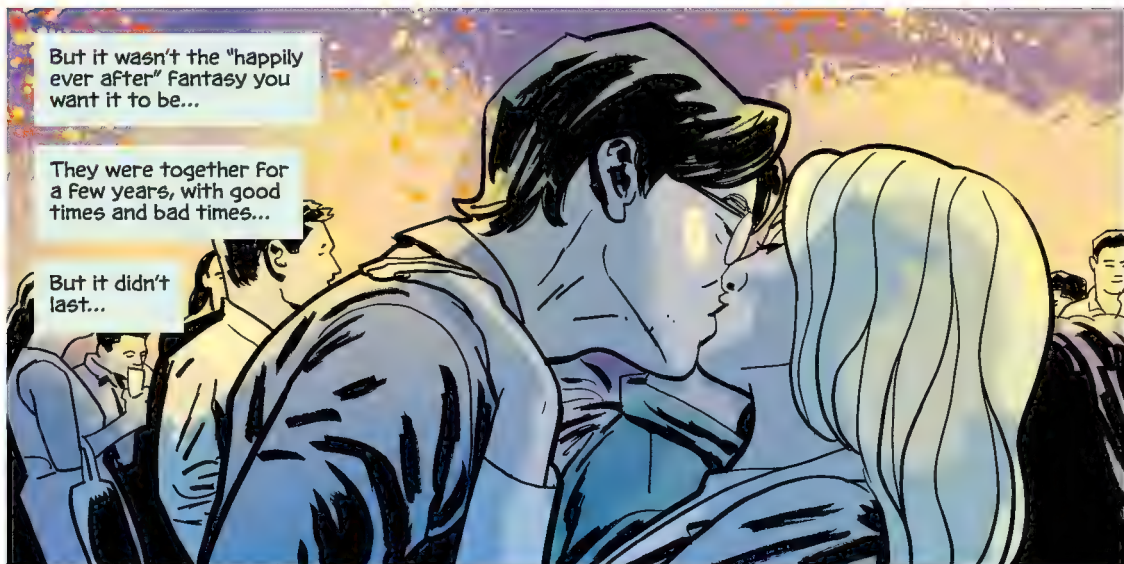
They met again in San Francisco, purely by chance...

New Year's Eve, 1989...

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN...

OH MY GOD.

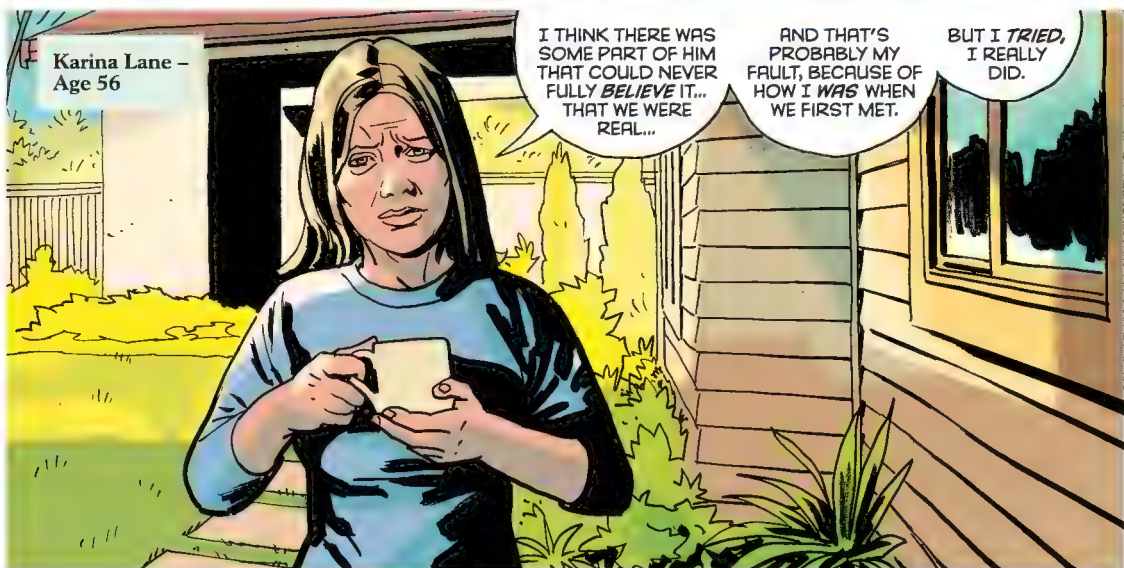
And yes, they *did* get together...



But it wasn't the "happily ever after" Fantasy you want it to be...

They were together for a few years, with good times and bad times...

But it didn't last...



Karina Lane -
Age 56

I THINK THERE WAS SOME PART OF HIM THAT COULD NEVER FULLY BELIEVE IT... THAT WE WERE REAL...

AND THAT'S PROBABLY MY FAULT, BECAUSE OF HOW I WAS WHEN WE FIRST MET.

BUT I TRIED, I REALLY DID.



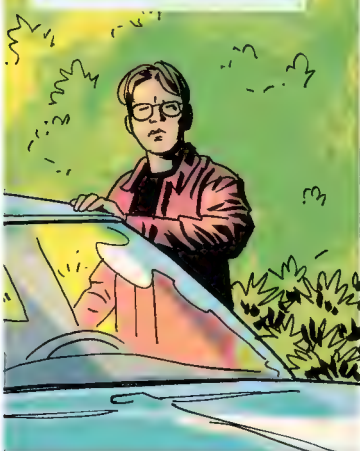
ANYWAY, YOU CAN'T LOOK BACK AT LIFE LIKE THAT... SECOND-GUESSING ALL YOUR DECISIONS.

YOU'LL DRIVE YOURSELF NUTS.



I JUST TRY TO HOLD ON TO THE GOOD PARTS AND NOT THINK ABOUT THE REST TOO MUCH.

But Tommy was the kind of person who thought about the past a lot.



There were certain moments in his life that he was constantly drawn back to...



And the summer he met Karina was one of them.

Whenever he was back in town, he'd find himself on *Pelican Road* again...

Like the man from the *Twilight Zone* episode they talked about that first night.

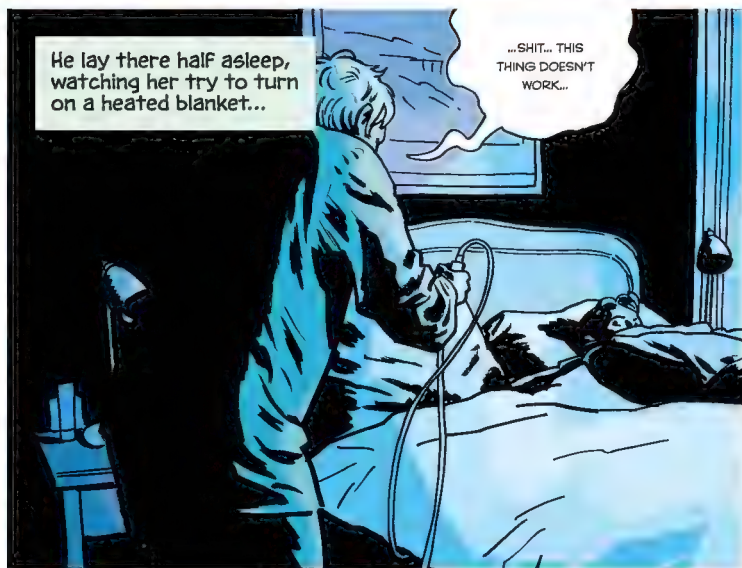
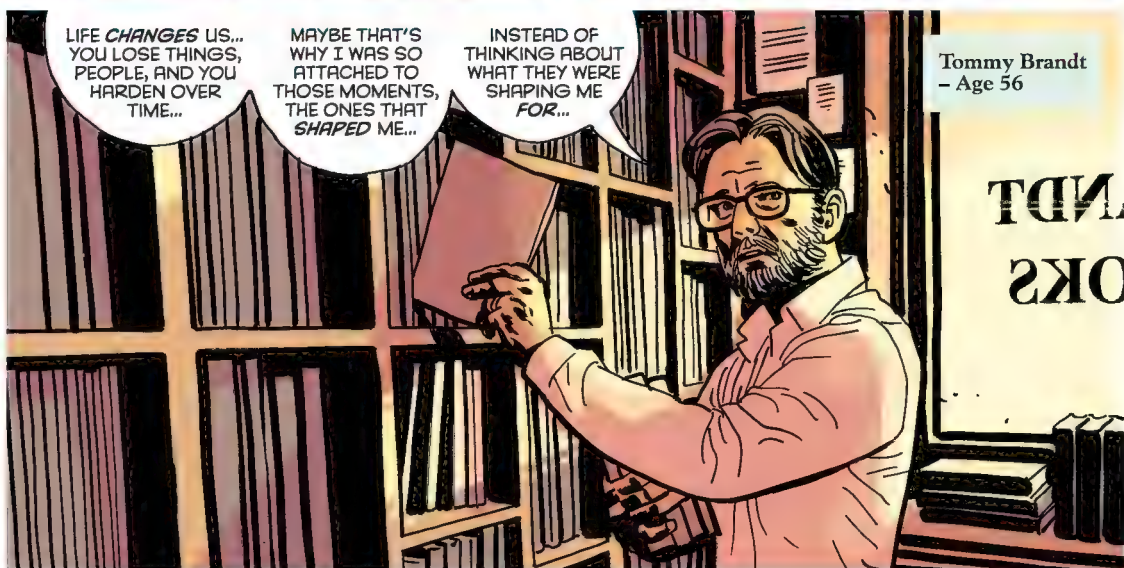


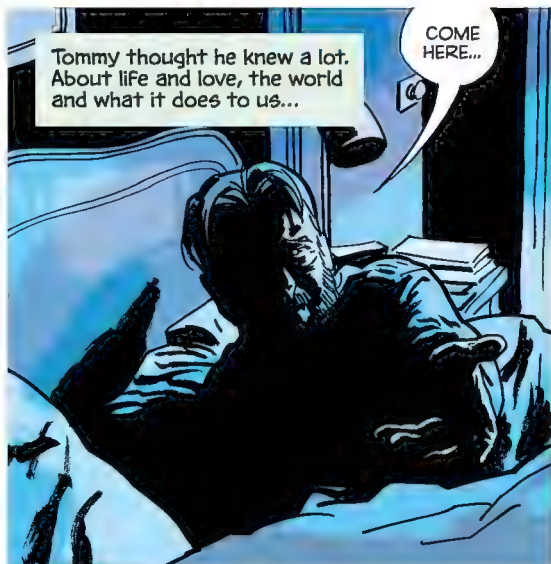
The houses changed over the years, as did the people in them...

But he could still feel the ghosts here, of lost love and might've beens...

Distant voices.









And now when those
distant voices call to
him, it's different...

He doesn't want to go
back and change things...
or hold on...



Now it's the folly of youth,
and the memories make
him smile...

What a dumb
kid he was...



How wrong he
got everything
for so long.



BUT
WAIT,
WHO
KILLED
THE
PRIVATE
EYE?

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT
PALMER
DID IT...

THAT PRIVATE
EYE PROBABLY
KNEW HE WAS
IMPERSONATING
A COP...



AND PALMER WAS TRYING
TO STOP HIM... SO HE
WOULDN'T GO TO PRISON.

KRAAAK

GUUK -- !



I THINK IT WAS THAT
HOMELESS MAN...
THEY ALL TREATED
HIM LIKE SOME
HERO...



BUT HE HAD SOME CRAZY
IN HIM... YOU COULD SEE IT
IN HIS EYES.

KRAAAK

GUUK -- !



I FIGURED
IT WAS THE
DOCTOR...

SOMEHOW THE
PRIVATE EYE
FOUND OUT
ABOUT HIS
MURDER PLOT,
RIGHT?



BUT THEN... WAIT... WHY
WOULDN'T HE CONFESS
TO THAT, TOOP

KRAAAK

GUUK -- !



OH NO... I
DON'T THINK
TED DID IT...
BUT WELL...

I GUESS I
DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHAT
TED WOULD
DO.



TURN
THE
PAGE
TO
FIND
OUT



Jack felt like his life was *less real* than the lives of the people he watched.



A private eye is always outside, looking in...



And it's lonely, watching everyone else find love and make mistakes... Living wildly...

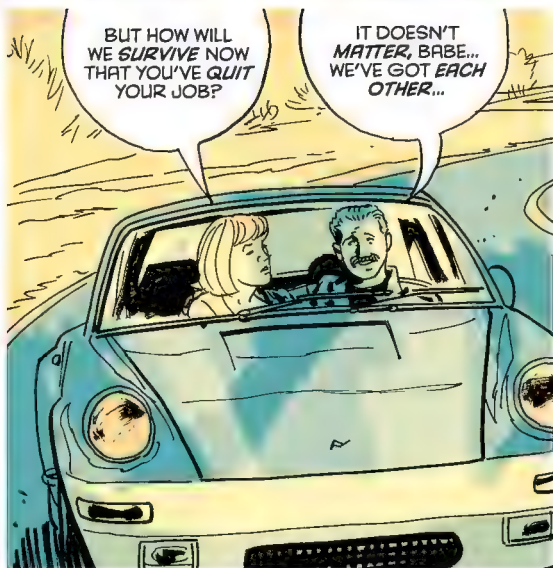


Sometimes he'd see cheating wives, throwing it all away with some loser...



And he'd think -

LET ME *SAVE YOU* FROM THIS... LET US *RUN AWAY* TOGETHER...



BUT HOW WILL WE *SURVIVE* NOW THAT YOU'VE QUIT YOUR JOB?

IT DOESN'T *MATTER*, BABE... WE'VE GOT *EACH OTHER*...

And now this poor kid...
Eighteen and already
strung out...

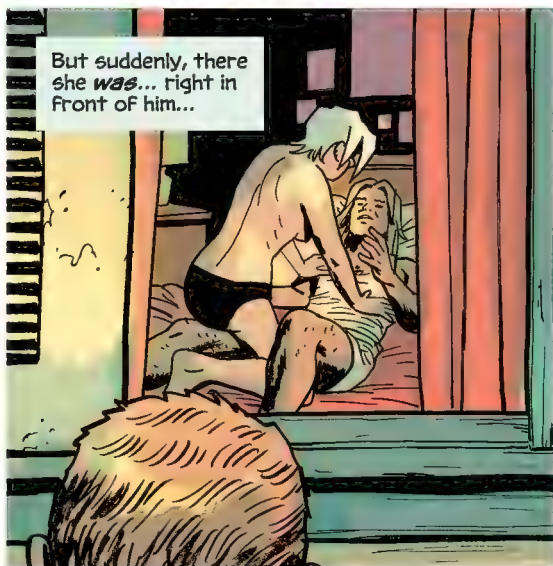
Stealing from her family,
bailing on rehab... It's a
tragedy...

And none of her
friends will help
Jack find her:

The little
fuckers.



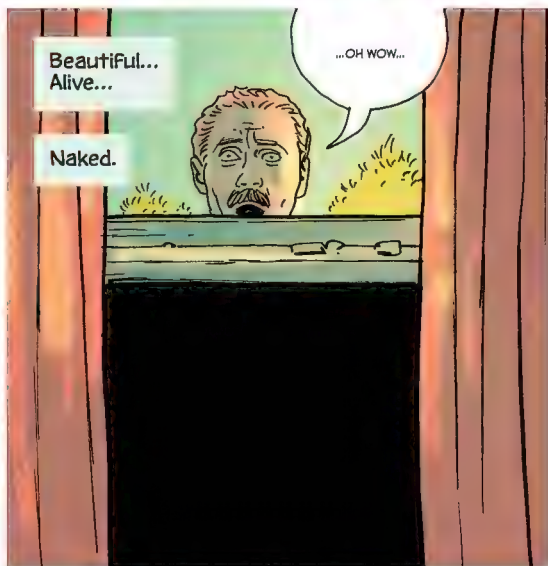
But suddenly, there
she *was*... right in
front of him...



Beautiful...
Alive...

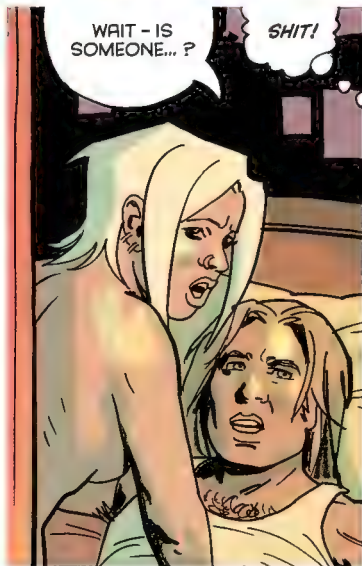
Naked.

...OH WOW...



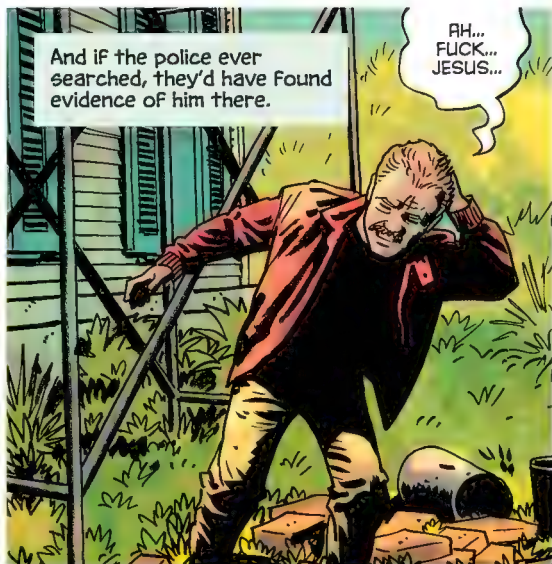
WAIT - IS
SOMEONE... ?

SHIT!



SHIIT - !







And that's how
Jack Foster died.

He was lying there for
over two hours before
anyone even noticed him.

Officially, the case
is still unsolved.

AFTERWORD

What to say after the end of this book? I kind of feel like anything I say will shade your reading of the work in ways that I don't want. So let me try to dance around it all a bit...

I like titles that mean more than one thing. This one means several things to me. It's about the mystery, but also about the past and nostalgia and memory and loss. **Where the Body Was** means more than where the dead man was on the sidewalk.

Years ago, Sean asked me to write a romance comic for him, and I ended up with a crime story about a girl obsessed with drugs instead, but there was some romance involved. This time I started out with a crime story and ended up with a romance comic, sort of, one that's a bit of a microcosm of different aspects of love and romance and how we are when we're caught up in them.

In some ways much of this book is true, but also heavily fictionalized. Emotionally true, though. There was no Pelican Road, but there was a boarding house of losers, and there was a doctor framing a patient for murdering his wife, but I never got all the details. But that was where the book started, and the puzzle idea of a book with several different stories overlapping on one street. Something worthy of a map and legend at the beginning. Which has honestly been a career goal, ever since I fell in love with the mapback pulp books from the 40s. But this one is like a map of a memory frozen in time.

Writing the book I obsessed over the map and the various characters moving around on it. I sat with my notebooks and filled pages about them all and where they went, what they cared about, what secrets they kept. It was one of the strangest experiences I've ever had as a writer, but I really enjoyed it, and then seeing Sean and Jake bring it to life so vividly. This fake street feels as real as any place I've ever actually lived. And my nostalgia for it feels just as real, too.

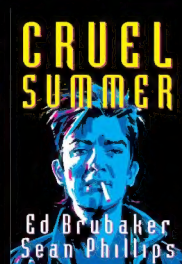
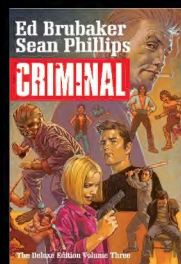
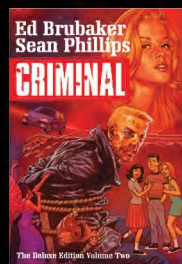
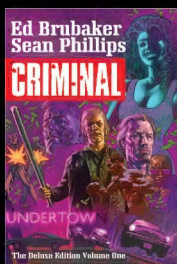
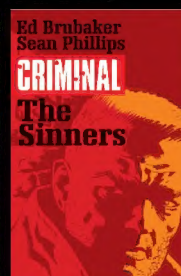
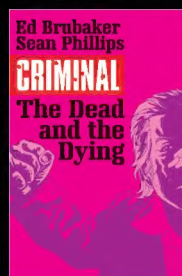
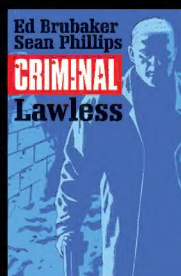
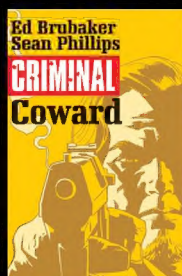
I guess that's all I can really say about this one. It's similar but a lot different than most of what we've done before, and I suspect we'll keep zigging and zagging like that as long as we can. But I hope you enjoyed your trip down Pelican Road, the summer of '84 and beyond. There's a big part of my heart on that street.

Ed Brubaker
July 2023

AND FOR MORE FROM BRUBAKER AND PHILLIPS

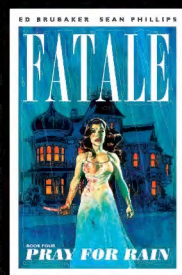
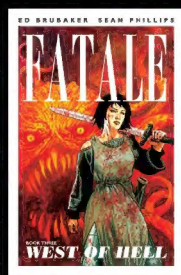
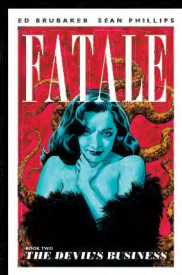
"Sean Phillips and Ed Brubaker represent the gold standard for comics noir — brutal, beautiful and best."

— Ian Rankin, author of the John Rebus novels



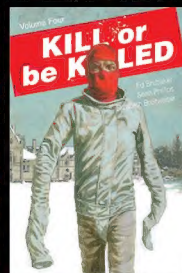
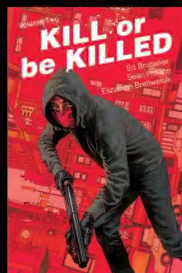
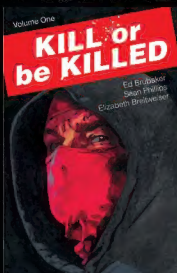
"CRIMINAL is equal parts John Woo's *The Killer*, Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing*, and Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*."

— *Playboy Magazine*



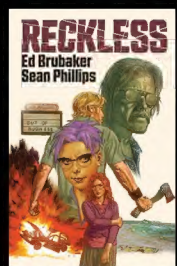
"Immortality may be a double-edged sword, but it's one the intoxicating Jo wields with a boundless grace in this addictive page-turner."

— *Publishers Weekly*



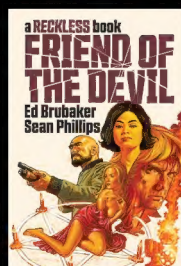
"KILL OR BE KILLED is magnificent, a true thing of beauty in a tale that is so damn ugly."

— *Nerdist*



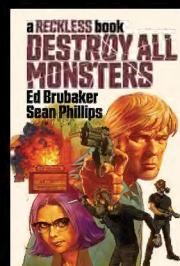
"Oh man this book pushed EVERY crime fiction button for me. Bliss."

— Patton Oswalt



"I love this book."

— Damon Lindelof (*LOST*, HBO's *Watchmen*)



"Reading this graphic novel is like watching great film noir. Brubaker is the master of portraying the criminal underworld, especially as it affects middle management."

— Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

“One of comics dream teams delivers their best story yet in **THE FADE OUT**, an old Hollywood murder mystery draped against HUAC and the Red Scare.”

—New York Magazine



Eisner Award Winner
—Best Limited Series



“The powerhouse creative team of Brubaker and Phillips combine elements of noir and coming-of-age stories in this psychologically and emotionally complex drama about desperate men and women daring to strive for better lives in a violent world where hope and love are dangerous liabilities.”

—Library Journal

Newsweek's Best Comic Books of 2018

Eisner Award Winner
—Best Original Graphic Novel

Ringo Award Winner
—Best Original Graphic Novel



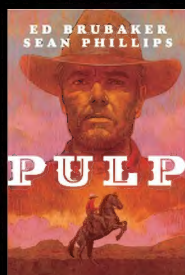
“Far and away the best work yet from one of the best teams in the history of comics.”

—Brian K. Vaughan
(PAPER GIRLS, SAGA)



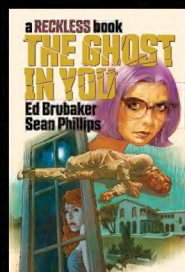
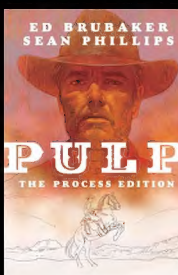
“Easily one of the best comics of the 21st century... a story that reflects the crooked soul of our times.”

—Tom King
(Mr Miracle, Sheriff of Babylon)



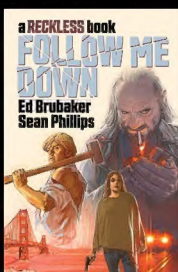
Eisner Award Winner
—Best Original Graphic Novel

Ringo Award Winner
—Best Original Graphic Novel



“RECKLESS is an absolute rush. You gotta have it.”

—Joe Hill
(Locke & Key, NOS4A2)



“A taut, riveting story, as disturbing as it is satisfying...”

—Charles Yu

BIOGRAPHIES

Ed Brubaker is one of the most acclaimed writers in comics, having won the Eisner and Harvey Awards for Best Writer five times, among others. His many graphic novels with artist Sean Phillips have been published around the world in several languages. Moving into television writing, Brubaker first served as a Supervising Producer on HBO's WESTWORLD, and then with director Nicolas Winding Refn, he was co-creator and writer of Amazon's TOO OLD TO DIE YOUNG, the first streaming series to debut at Cannes.

Brubaker lives with his wife and dog in California, where he continues to work in film, television, and as always, comics.



Drawing comics professionally since the age of fifteen, Eisner Award-winning Sean Phillips has worked for all the major publishers. Since drawing Sleeper, Hellblazer, Batman, X-Men, Marvel Zombies, and Stephen King's The Dark Tower, Sean has concentrated on creator-owned books including CRIMINAL, KILL OR BE KILLED, INCOGNITO, FATALE, THE FADE OUT, PULP, NIGHT FEVER and the RECKLESS series.

He lives in the Lake District in the UK where he is currently drawing the next Brubaker/Phillips book.



Jacob Phillips is a comic artist and colourist residing in tropical Manchester. He has been drawing his whole life, self-publishing his first comic 'Roboy' at the age of 11 and selling it at Brighton Comic Con. Skip forward 18 years and today he is the artist on THAT TEXAS BLOOD and THE ENFIELD GANG MASSACRE with writer Chris Condon and NEWBURN with Chip Zdarsky from Image Comics as well as being a two-time Eisner Award-nominated colourist on books such as RECKLESS, CRIMINAL and NIGHT FEVER.



"**WHERE THE BODY WAS** is a masterfully-told puzzlebox mystery with a fiercely beating human heart. Phillips recreates '80s suburbia with style and nuance, and Brubaker shows why he is one of the best writers in crime fiction, period."

- Jordan Harper, Edgar-Winning author of
She Rides Shotgun and **Everybody Knows**

A boarding house full of junkies. A neglected housewife. A young girl who thinks she's a superhero. A cop who just wants some peace and quiet. And a Private Detective looking for a runaway girl.

These stories collide one fateful summer in **WHERE THE BODY WAS**, a tale of love and murder in the suburbs, told from a dozen different points of view. All the neighbors on the block have an opinion about the murder and how it happened, but which of them is telling the truth?

WHERE THE BODY WAS is a tour-de-force from grandmasters Ed Brubaker and Sean Phillips, the bestselling creators of **PULP**, **RECKLESS**, and **CRIMINAL**. Starting with a map of the crime scene, this murder mystery follows the ripples of this crime as they echo through decades of love and loss and passion. Like a true crime podcast crossed with a long-lost diary, **WHERE THE BODY WAS** is unlike anything Brubaker and Phillips have ever done, and a graphic novel you won't be able to forget.



Crime & Mystery / Thriller
Rated M / Mature